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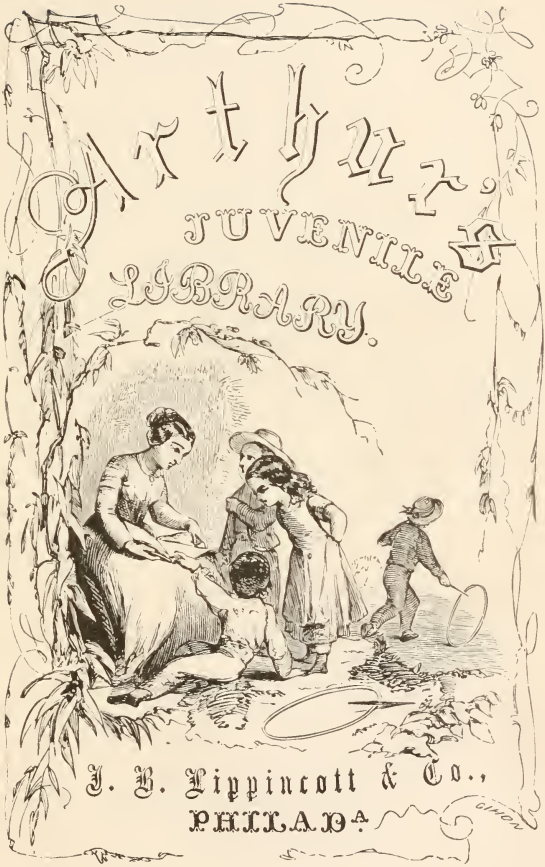
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WHO IS GREATEST?

AND

OTHER STORIES.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ORIGINAL DESIGNS BY CROOME

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CONTENTS.

PAGE

WHO IS GREATEST? 7

THE TRUANT 54

I'M AFRAID 71

EDWARD'S DREAM 88

THE DANGER OF DISOBEDIENCE 97

DON'T GIVE UP 111

THE CHILDREN AND THE ROBIN 119

THE POWER TO SHUN EVIL 133

THE APRIL FOOL 137

THINKING AND SPEAKING 145

NOT AFRAID TO DIE 150

WHO IS GREATEST?

"I DON'T see the use of it, any how!" said a little boy named Thomas Freeman, suddenly closing a book out of which he had been studying a lesson.

"The use of what?" asked his sister Ellen, older by several years, looking up from her book, for she, too, was studying.

"Why, the use of getting all these lessons."

"He's always talking in that way, sister," said John, an elder brother, speaking confidently: "but I tell him that to learn is the way to become a great man."

"A *great* man?"

"Yes, a great man."

"What is a great man, John?" asked his sister.

The boy looked thoughtful for some moments, and then replied—

"Men of learning are great men, and so are statesmen and heroes."

"Why are they great men?"

"Because they know more and can do more than other people?"

"And that makes them great?"

"Yes."

"If that is all that makes greatness," said Ellen, "I would ask, with Thomas, what is the use of studying to be great?"

"Sister! how can you talk so? Is it nothing to be as great as Cæsar, Bonaparte, Columbus, or Newton?"

"What made them great, John?"

"They were great because they could do more than others, as I have just said."

"I have seen a very different description of greatness," replied Ellen, smiling, "and, from the source whence it came, I should be inclined to believe, a much truer one."

"Where did you see it, sister?"

"I saw it in the Bible."

"I never saw any description of greatness there, that I now remember."

"But there is one, and it is in these words—'*And whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant.*' Can you understand that?"

"I can't understand why you should call that a description of greatness."

"It certainly is. To be the *chief* of all, is to be greatest of all."

"But how can any one be chief of all, and yet the servant of all? I have often read that verse in the Bible, but never clearly understood it; and now it sounds stranger than ever. Servants are the lowest and humblest of all—not the greatest—not the chiefest. I wish you would explain it to me, sister."

"It means, if I understand it," replied Ellen, "that if we would become truly great, we must do good to all. We must *serve* them. I remember once hearing fa-

ther say, that the greatest men in the world were those who had rendered the world most *service*. Under this view, we might call Newton and Columbus, whom you have mentioned, great men; but I should doubt the claims of Cæsar and Bonaparte to the designation."

"If you don't call them great men, sister, what do you call them?"

"They were ambitious men: men who loved themselves so much better than they loved their fellows, that to gain the distinction they coveted, they would willingly have spread death and destruction from one end of the world to the other. How different is the description of their characters from that of the great man that I have quoted from the Bible."

John looked thoughtful and puzzled.

"I can't exactly understand this," said he. "The servant of all, the greatest of all, sounds very strange. At that rate, Sally our cook, is greater than any of us. She is the servant of all in the house."

"Who renders all the rest the greatest *service?*" asked Ellen. "Does Sally?"

John still looked puzzled.

"No. I do not think that she does," he said.

"Well, who does? Depend upon it, brother, you will discover, when you can fix upon that one, that you have found the greatest in our house. Now, think whose service is of most importance? Whose loss would be most severely felt?"

"The loss of our father," said the boy, in a subdued voice.

"Yes. Our father is the servant of all, and the greatest of all. He supplies the wants of all in the house, and brings us all our comforts. Sally cooks for us our food, but how little does she do for us, compared with what our father and mother do?"

At this moment the mother of the children came into the room where they were sitting.

"You look serious," said she. "What are you talking about?"

John paused for a little while, and then answered—

"We have been talking about greatness."

"Ah! Well, have you found out in what greatness consists?"

"Ellen says that the servant of all is the greatest of all."

"Does she, indeed! And has she convinced you that she is right?"

"I can't just say yes, nor can I say no. But I expect she is right."

"I have no doubt of it, John. She has the best possible authority on her side—the Bible."

"So it appears. But it makes me feel discouraged."

"Why?"

"I have always thought that I would like to be a great man."

"Well?"

"The hope of becoming great has made me study harder than any thing else."

"How, great?"

"Great like the warriors, statesmen, and men of science who have distinguished themselves in all ages."

"For the good they have done?"

"No—I cannot say that I have ever thought of the good. It is just this that makes me feel discouraged. If true greatness comes only to those who seek to *serve* others, in order to do them good, I am afraid that I shall not be great."

"Why?"

"I could study and work hard in the hope of becoming a distinguished man; but not that I might become, simply, a useful man."

Mrs. Freeman sighed.

"My dear boy," said she, taking the hand of John, and speaking earnestly, "your error is the error of thousands and tens of thousands who have gone before you. It is an error that has caused the

world much sorrow, and will cause it much more. You must try very hard to get away from it, or it will bring you years of unhappiness. No one is truly great but he who is truly good. God is the greatest of all, and he is Goodness itself. He seeks not his own glory, but the good of his creatures, making his sun to shine upon the evil and good, and sending his rain upon the just and the unjust. If we would be great, we must be like him,—there is no other way."

The mother's words made some, but not a very deep impression on the boy's mind. He felt that what she said was true, but he also felt something like disappointment because it was true.

On the next afternoon, which was the last one of the week and a holiday, the mother proposed a walk, and the children gladly assented. They had not gone far before they came up to a small company of persons, standing around a tall liberty-pole, and gazing up at a lad who was

climbing it with slow and toilsome efforts. He was near the top, and succeeded in touching the liberty-cap that crowned the pole, to do which appeared to be the sole object in view. The moment this was done, he commenced his descent, cheered by the loud huzzas of the crowd below. John became very much excited at this.

"I can do it, mother," said he, and, starting from her side the moment the lad's feet touched the ground, and before his mother could utter a word of dissent, John commenced climbing the pole. Ellen, Thomas, and their mother looked on in anxiety and alarm, while the boy continued to rise higher and higher. Before he had reached half the distance to the top, it was very plain to those below that he was much exhausted, but still he struggled on, resting now and then for a moment or two, and then renewing his efforts. At last he gained the top, and placed his hand upon the cap, but he was so much overcome by the vigorous efforts

he had made to accomplish the feat he had undertaken, that he was unable to hold on to the smooth pole tightly enough to make a slow and safe descent, but came down so rapidly, that the skin was torn from his hands in many places;—they were, besides, badly blistered. The men and boys around commended him highly, but his hands smarted so badly, and he felt so much exhausted from the efforts he had made, that he scarcely heard the applause.

Mrs. Freeman's anxiety and fears had affected her so much that she wished to return home, as well on her own account as on that of John, whose hands needed dressing. On their way back, as they were passing near the bank of a river, a sudden and fearful cry arose that a child had fallen into the water. But few persons were near, and they only women and children. There was no man to render aid. John had learned to swim, but he was too much overcome by his late exertion to venture

in to the rescue—to have done so would have been to risk his life. While all was confusion and alarm, a lad, much smaller than John, sprang into the river, and swam to the spot where the child was, just as it disappeared below the surface. Down he went after it, and in a few moments arose again, dragging it up by the clothes. With a vigorous effort for so small a boy, he succeeded in reaching the shore and restoring the still gasping child to the arms of its almost distracted mother.

"That was a noble act!" said a lady who had been looking on with eager and intense interest. John heard the remark, and felt it as a keen rebuke. In a foolish effort to do a useless thing, he had destroyed his ability to save the life of a drowning child.

"Which act was the greatest, John?" said his mother, some time after their arrival at home, when his hands had been properly dressed, and he had recovered from the exhaustion he had experienced;

"yours, or that of the boy who saved the child's life?"

John's face coloured, and his eyes fell to the floor.

"I am sure even you can see the difference," Mrs. Freeman continued. "In your feat, there was nothing useful, and to perform it, you were inspired only by a love of receiving applause. But very different was the act of the little boy we saw spring into the water at the risk of his own life. He thought not of himself—he was not inspired by the hope of commendation. Truly! his was a noble act—a great act! Was it not, my son?"

John freely acknowledged the truth of what his mother said, and promised that he would do all he could to obtain higher and better motives than the one from which he had just acted.

As for Thomas, the youngest of the three children, he had listened more thoughtfully than his mother supposed to all she said about greatness and being useful to others.

Still, his mind was not altogether clear as to the use of studying so many lessons as he had to get. John had said over and over again that it was in order to become great. But their mother had made it very clear to his mind that only he who was truly good and useful, was truly great.

"What *is* the use, mother, of my studying all these lessons?" said he, as he pushed away his book that evening, and sighed.

"Don't you know, my son?"

"No mother, I am sure I do not."

"The more knowledge you have, when you become a man, the more useful you can be. An ignorant man never can do as much good as a wise man; for the means are not within his power. Besides, the more you know, the happier it will be in your power to become. You may not be able to understand how this is now, but believe your mother when she tells you that it is so."

"I think I do understand a little about

it," Thomas replied. "The captain knows more than the sailors, and he can be more useful, for he can even guide the ship around the world. And, I should think, he ought to be happier than the poor sailors."

"And your father knows more than James, the porter, and he can, therefore, be more useful to all around him. James can only provide for himself and family, and that very poorly; but your father's knowledge enables him to do a very large business and to provide employment for a great many men."

Thomas now understood better than he had ever done before the use of learning, and he silently determined that he would never again neglect his studies.

For some days after these conversations with their mother, both John and Thomas studied at home and at school with a new interest. But gradually the interest subsided as their mother's words faded from their memories. John began to indulge again in his hopes of becoming a great man,

and Thomas saw less and less clearly the use of learning, and began to neglect his lessons.

"Your lessons are very badly learned," said the teacher to Thomas one day. "How does it happens?"

"I try to get them," replied the little boy, hanging down his head.

"You can't try very hard, Thomas," said the teacher. "You must do better than this."

Thomas retired to his seat, pained and in confusion. He had been but little pleased with himself for several days, and now he was less satisfied than ever, for he had commited a double fault; to idleness he had added prevarication, if not falsehood. It was true that he had tried to get his lesson, but the trial was a very feeble one. In his reply to the teacher, he had intended to convey more than the truth, and the remembrance of this troubled him. After school, he sat down at home to get his usual tasks. These were soon finished, but he

felt no inclination to go out and play. His conscience was troubled.

"What is the matter, my son?" asked his mother, who saw that something made her little boy unhappy.

Thomas looked up at his mother, and the tears came into his eyes.

"I have not been a good boy," said he, hiding his tearful face in her bosom.

She drew him tenderly to her side and said—

"It is good to see our faults, my child; and when we see them, it is good to confess them. What has my little boy done that troubles him?"

Thomas paused a few moments, and then said in a trembling voice—

"I neglected my lessons a good many times, and when the teacher reproved me for it, I told him that I had tried to get them. Now, if I had tried as hard as I should have done, I could have got them easily enough. So I told him a falsehood. Oh! I feel so bad," and Thomas again burst into tears.

As soon as the little boy's feelings had calmed down, his mother said kindly—

"We should always grieve over our wrong actions, because they do us great harm. They hurt us more than we are willing to believe. But we should not only be sorry for such evil acts; we should be watchful ever after lest we again fall into them. How came you to neglect your lessons?"

"I can hardly tell, mother. After you had talked to me about the good I would be able to do when I became a man, I studied my lessons with pleasure. But, in a little while, I didn't think much about being useful to others, and then my lessons were hard to get. I tried to think about how much good I would be able to do if I had a great deal of learning when a man; but it didn't help me any."

"There is a better way than thinking about doing good, Thomas," said his mother. "When you feel inclided to neglect your lessons, remember that to do so is

wrong—that it is a sin in the sight of heaven. This will help you much more than thinking about doing good. Say to yourself, 'This is wrong—I will not neglect my lessons, *because it is wrong.*' If you will always do this, I am sure your teacher will have no more cause to complain of you."

The sorrow faded from the little boy's face, and, kissing his mother, he said,

"I will try to do right, mother."

"That is the way," she replied; "only try, and you will surely be able to do what is right; or, at least, to shun what is wrong."

In the mean time, John had also fallen back into his old habits of feeling and thinking. He was again indulging in the hope of becoming a great man. All that he read in history and biography inflamed his desire to be distinguished. Every now and then, it is true, the recollection of what both his mother and sister had said about true greatness crossed his mind and disturbed it; but the effect did not last long. He

was devoting a portion of his time at home to reading and studying ancient history. The conquests of Alexander attracted him very greatly, and inflamed his mind with a desire to rule over and command others. So rapidly did an interest in this great conqueror grow upon him, that he commenced projecting a map of the countries which he had subdued, in order to help him to recollect more distinctly what he read. In doing this, he marked upon his map, in different coloured inks, both the ancient and modern names of countries and towns. This map cost him much time and patience, and, as it became more and more perfect, he looked upon it with feelings of pride.

One morning, while John was at work on his map, Thomas reached across the table for the inkstand, and in carrying it over, above the map, his elbow struck against something, and the inkstand was knocked out of his hand. It fell upon the map and utterly ruined it.

"You did it on purpose!" said John, who instantly became very angry, and struck Thomas in the face.

Thomas did not cry out, but sat down upon a stool and covered his face with his hands. John's anger died away, and he sorely repented of what he had done the moment he saw the tears trickling through his brother's fingers. But his ill-feelings were rekindled on turning his eye upon his disfigured map, and he did not offer to soothe the heart he had so deeply wounded. After surveying in silence, for some moments, his ruined work, he commenced wiping off the ink as well as he could, and then, without taking any notice of Thomas, who sat upon a low stool, covering his face with his hands and crying to himself, he took another piece of paper, and commenced squaring it off for a new map. He had been at work upon this, still indulging his angry feelings, for nearly ten minutes, when Thomas came up to him, and, taking hold of his arm, said—

"I am very sorry, John; but, indeed, I didn't do it on purpose."

"I wish you would go away, and not trouble me," replied John, shaking off the hand of his brother.

Thomas turned away with a sorrowful heart, and left the room. He said nothing to his father or mother about the blow he had received, and it so happened that neither of them noticed the disfigured map.

On the second day after John had, in a moment of passion, been tempted to strike his brother, he came home from school feeling quite unhappy. He had expected that Thomas would complain to his father or mother of the treatment he had received from him; but no such complaint was made. Several times his mother had asked Thomas, in his presence, why he looked so sober, but the little boy said nothing in reply that could awaken any suspicion of what had taken place. This rebuked John, and made him feel really much worse than

he would have felt if Thomas told his mother all about what had happened.

After he had laid off his hat, he went to his map, with the intention of going on with it; but the interest he felt in his work, which had been growing weaker every day, was not now strong enough to induce him to resume it. He was unhappy, and could not rest until he was at peace with his brother. But he could not make up his mind to confess his fault. His pride would not let him.

"It was too much for me to bear!" he would often say to himself, by way of excusing his conduct. "But I wish I hadn't struck him," would follow immediately. "It was wrong. But I was so angry; and it was enough to make me angry."

While such thoughts were passing through his mind, and he sat leaning his head down upon the table in the library, his father came in.

"Is any thing the matter, John?" Mr Freeman asked kindly.

John started at the sound of his father's voice, and looked up in confusion. His face became quite red, and his appearance that of one who had been detected in some wrong action. The father was pained to see this, for he knew that something must be wrong. He knew that a heart conscious of innocence never sent such a look to the face.

"I am afraid, my son," said he, "that all is not right with you. You are troubled about something, and a troubled mind never follows a good action."

For a few moments pride, and a consciousness of having done wrong, struggled hard in the boy's mind. He could not bear the thought of confessing to his father what he had felt and done, and thus standing self-accused before him. But good affections gained the mastery over shame and pride, and he said—

"Oh, father! I have done wrong, and I am very unhappy."

"Freely own your fault, my son," re-

plied the father kindly; the confession of it will not only make you feel better now, but help you to do better another time."

"But, father, you don't know how wicked I have been," said John, his eyes filling with tears. "I struck Thomas in anger."

The father was much pained at the unlooked-for confession. He thought for a few moments, and then said—

"I cannot tell you, my son, how much I am grieved at what you have said. Do you not know that, at the moment you lifted your hand, in anger, to strike your brother, you were a murderer in heart."

John raised his eyes suddenly to his father's face with a look of surprise.

"You were a murderer, then," repeated the father.

"I did not wish to kill Thomas," said the boy earnestly.

"You meant to hurt him, did you not?"

"I don't know what I meant, father. I was angry, and struck him."

"He had done something to offend you,

and you struck him for revenge. You cannot make any thing else out of it, my son. Love never prompts one brother to strike another. But hate does. A sweet fountain cannot send forth bitter waters. When we strike in anger, we wish to hurt the one we strike."

"Yes, but I know I did not wish to kill Thomas, father—I know I did not."

"But you hated him at the time, and hate is the murderer's feeling. Hate seeks to hurt and destroy."

"I do not think I hated him either."

"For the moment, you must have done so, or you would not have struck him. Was it love that caused you to strike him?"

"Oh no."

"But a feeling the very opposite?"

"I suppose it was."

"And the opposite of love is hate. I do not mean to say that you deliberately hated your brother. But the sudden impulse from which you acted was a wicked

and hellish one, and it cannot be called by any milder name than hate. It is very important that you should see and feel this, for it will be of use to you, and cause you to be ever on your guard, lest you come suddenly under the influence of such a destructive feeling. But you have not yet told me the cause of your anger against Thomas. What did he do to you?'

"He destroyed a map upon which I had been at work for several days."

"Indeed! not on purpose, I hope."

"Oh no! It was an accident."

"You are certain of that?"

"Oh yes! He reached over the table for an inskstand, and in carrying it back, his elbow struck against me, and knocked the inkstand out of his hand. It fell upon my map, and the ink was spilled all over it."

"And you became angry and struck him?"

"Yes, sir."

"Although it was an accident, by your own confession?"

"I didn't think it was an accident at the time. father."

"You certainly could not think your brother would destroy your map on purpose?"

"Oh no: but I didn't think at all. I struck him before I had time to think."

"Some evil spirit must have suddenly entered your heart, and caused you to do so sad a thing. Do you remember the lines of Watts—

> "The devil tempts one mother's son
> To rage against another;
> So wicked Cain was hurried on,
> Till he had killed his brother."

"Yes, I remember them very well; and I am sure it must have been the wicked one who suddenly took possession of me, and caused me to lift my hand to strike my brother. But I have been unhappy ever since—very unhappy. And I am sure I cannot be tempted to do it again."

"I sincerely hope not, my son," replied

Mr. Freeman, "for such a deed would not only make you and all of us unhappy, but would do you a much greater injury than a blow could do your brother. The blow would only hurt his body; but it would hurt your spirit."

"How would it hurt my spirit, father?"

"Your spirit, my son, is that in you which thinks and feels. If you were to suffer yourself to get angry with your brother again, and strike him, you would encourage wicked thoughts and feelings, and these hurt the spirit, and leave disfiguring marks upon it that are much harder to efface than any bruises the body can receive."

John looked very serious at this, for he understood, pretty clearly, what his father meant.

"Of what country were you making a map, John?" asked Mr. Freeman.

"I was making a map of all the countries conquered by Alexander the Great," replied the boy.

"Why of those particular countries, John?"

"Because I was reading the history of Alexander, and became so much interested in it, that I thought if I were to make a map of all the countries subdued by him, it would fix the events of his life more deeply in my memory."

"Why were you so anxious to remember these events?"

"Because they are the wonderful achievements of a great man."

"A great man, John? Do you call Alexander a *great* man?"

"Certainly, father; was he not a great man?"

"Have you so soon forgotten what your mother said to you about true greatness, as to be led away into admiration of a man, who, merely to gratify his wish to have dominion over every one, could scatter all around him firebrands and death. No wonder that you were tempted to strike your brother!"

"He was a great conqueror, father."

"But not a great *man*, John. A great man is a *good* man, and seeks not his own glory, but to confer benefits upon every one. Imagine that we were living many hundreds of years ago, and inhabiting some peaceful spot, in one of the countries which your great conqueror wished to possess. Hundreds of happy families, like our own, dwelt there in peace. Contented with their lot, they desired not their neighbour's possessions. Suddenly the appalling news runs from family to family, that an immense army is approaching, with Alexander at its head, who has come to conquer the country, and compel its inhabitants to pay large sums of money, and to support armies left among them to keep them in subjection; in fact, to make slaves of a free people. As best they can, the inhabitants of the invaded country make resistance; but it is a feeble one—hundreds are slain, and their peaceful homes are filled with rude soldiery, who commit all

kinds of cruelty and outrage. Into our happy circle the spoiler comes—our house is burned—our gardens and vineyards and fruitful fields are laid waste, and we are driven forth homeless—or, it may be, the father who has loved you and cared for you is dragged away by the conqueror, and the mother who is so dear to all, cruelly murdered before her children. Imagine all this, and then say, my son, if you would pronounce the author of all this wrong and misery *a great man?*"

What his father said bewildered the mind of John: he looked at him earnestly for some moments without speaking. Mr. Freeman continued—

"All, and more than all this, my boy, happened over and over again as Alexander pursued his conquests. We read only the glowing and exciting accounts of the battles he fought; but nothing is said of the horrible sufferings that attended his course—of the wrongs that innocent men and their helpless wives and children en-

dured. All this is concealed; but all this attended the conqueror's way, and he knew it. But what to him were the pains of suffering humanity? What to him were the widow's tears and the orphan's cries? Nothing! He sought for universal dominion, and, to gain it, would have committed any wrong. This is the man whose character and achievements have won your admiration, my son. This is your *great* man."

"Was not Washington a great man, father?" asked John.

"Yes, he was a great man, because he was a good man."

"But he led on armies to battle, and wherever there are battles there must be dreadful sufferings, such as I now shudder to think of."

"But Washington was a very different man from Alexander. He loved his country, and to defend that country from her invaders, he held his life as nothing. Washington was a Defender, but Alexander was an Invader. Do you not see the difference?

The one sought the good of his country, the other his own glory. The one stripped war of its worst features, the other added to it a thousand horrors. Alexander caused war to take place, and was in consequence the cause of all the evils attending it; but Washington with skill and courage led on the armies his country had raised in her defence, and risked his life to save that country from evils worse than war. Do you not see the difference?"

"Oh yes, father," said John, "I see it plainly enough. In reading of battles I never thought of the sufferings that were caused. If I read that one army slew a thousand of the enemy, I felt pleasure."

"Especially if it were the army of Alexander, the Invader and Oppressor?" said Mr. Freeman.

"Yes. I was always glad when I found that he had gained the battle."

"Notwithstanding it was gained over a people that were peaceful and happy until his presence spread fire and ruin through-

out the land? Notwithstanding it was the cause of the oppressor against the oppressed —the wronger against the wronged?"

"I didn't think of that," said John.

"No, I suppose not. But in reading, as well as noticing what passes around us, we should always think whether what is said or done be right or wrong, and be just as careful not to approve what is wrong as not to condemn what is right."

"I understand you, father, very well. But I am sure I cannot read the histories of Alexander and Bonaparte without feeling glad when they are victors."

"Then it is better for you not to read them at all, for you cannot feel pleasure at the recital of acts of cruelty and wrong, without being, as I have explained to you, hurt in your spirit. It is impossible for you to love all things good and innocent, and, at the same time, such things as are evil and cruel. You cannot admire the great good man, and the great bad man at the same time.

"Then you call Alexander a great bad man."

"I say great, John," replied his father, "meaning thereby only distinguished or remarkable. No man, as I have told you, can be truly great who is not truly good."

"You call Alexander then a remarkable man," said John, who could not help feeling a leaning towards the Macedonian conqueror, and desiring to have something said in his favour.

"Of course, my son," said Mr. Freeman, "Alexander was a remarkable man. No one can deny that who is at all familiar with his history. He was a very remarkable man. He was one of the most distinguished conquerors the world ever saw."

"A hero, was he not, father?"

"What do you mean by a hero?"

"A brave and noble-minded man."

"He was a brave man, without doubt. As to being noble-minded, that depends on what you mean by the term. A noble-

minded man is one, it is generally understood, who is generous towards all, and seeks to do good to all. Under this view, Alexander was not a noble-minded man. True, he was exalted above others and illustrious, and so far may be considered noble, but this was only in the external circumstances of his life. In heart, I should say, he had as little true nobility as greatness. Do you not think the same?"

"I believe you are right, father. I see that I can neither secure the distinction of true nobility nor greatness for my hero."

"I think not, my son; and the more you reflect on the subject, the more clearly you will see that Alexander is not the character for you to admire or wish to imitate. But where is Thomas? Have you done any thing yet to soothe his wounded feelings?"

"No, father."

"Then delay not a moment; kind words are all you can give, and give them freely. The poor boy, I now remember, has looked unhappy for a day or two. Your brother

has a sweet, gentle, forgiving disposition; I grieve to think that you have wounded it. Go to him at once, and repair the injury you have done him."

John left his father's side, and went out into the yard to look for his brother; but Thomas was not there. He then went upstairs into the dining-room, and thence into their mother's chamber, but could not find him. He called, but received no answer.

"Where can he be?" said he, half aloud. "I wonder what has become of him. Thomas!" But there was no reply.

He next went up into their own little chamber, where they slept, and pushing open the door quietly, he discovered Thomas sitting at the table, with his head leaning upon his arms, fast asleep. Before him was a large sheet of paper, squared off for a map; and some of the degrees of latitude and longitude were marked. On the table was his box of instruments; and a pair of dividers and two or three scales were by his side. The map he

was evidently preparing to copy, lay also before him; it was the same one upon which John had been working when his labour was spoiled by the overturning of the inkstand. The truth flashed at once over the mind of John,—Thomas had been trying to repair the damage he had accidentally done, by projecting another map and giving it to his brother, and, becoming wearied, had fallen asleep over his work. The feelings of John were touched.

"Thomas," said he, in a kind voice, laying his hand upon the arm of his brother.

"I didn't do it on purpose," muttered Thomas in a low voice.

John could hardly keep the tears from his eyes.

"Thomas, Thomas!" he cried, shaking his brother.

Thomas aroused up, and seeing John, looked confused. His eyes wandered from his face to the map upon the table, backwards and forwards for some moments.

THE RECONCILIATION.

Page 47.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
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At length he said, before his brother could collect his mind enough to speak:

"Indeed, indeed, John, I did not mean to spoil your map. It was all an accident; and I have been so sorry for it. I am trying to make you another. You won't be angry with me any longer, will you?"

"I am not angry with you, Thomas," John replied. "I am angry with myself for having spoken so unkindly to you as I did, and for having been so wicked and cruel as to strike you. Will you not forgive me, Thomas? I am very sorry. I was sorry the moment I did it."

"Oh! I am so glad you are not angry with me!" exclaimed Thomas in a joyful voice, his whole face brightening. "I will make you another map, if you will only wait for a few days. See! I have nearly all the degrees marked. To-morrow, after I come home from school, I will begin to work inside. I will do it all as nice as I can."

"I don't care any thing about the map," replied John, "you needn't make it."

"Oh yes, I am sure you do; or you would not have felt so badly about the one that was spoiled. I will make it for you."

"Indeed then, Thomas, I don't care any thing about it, and I am not sorry the one I was working on is spoiled. I don't like Alexander, and I don't care any thing about remembering the names of the countries he conquered. He was a bad man."

"Who says so?"

"Father says so. And if you had heard him talk just now, you would have thought so too."

"I never liked him much; he killed too many people," said Thomas.

"And didn't care how much suffering he caused, so that he could be a great conqueror. Father says he wasn't a great man."

"In the history we read at school, he is called Alexander the Great," said Thomas.

"I know; but father says only good men

are great men, for they are most like God, and He is greatest of all."

"You know that is what sister told us."

"Yes, though I couldn't believe it then; but now I understand it better."

When the bell rang for tea, the father of the two boys saw them come into the dining-room, hand in hand, and it made him feel very glad. Thomas looked brighter than he had seemed for several days, and the face of John was calm, subdued, yet elevated in expression.

After all were seated at the table, and had been helped round, the father said, looking at John—

"Can you tell me, John, the difference between Washington, Alexander, Cæsar, and Bonaparte? All were great conquerors."

"But not all great *men*," replied John smiling, and letting his voice dwell with emphasis on the word *men*.

"Why not, my son?"

"Alexander, Cæsar, and Bonaparte were

ambitious men, who loved themselves, and cared not how much suffering they caused, so that they could be highest of all and the rulers of all. But Washington loved his country more than he loved his own life, and to defend that country from her enemies, went forth to battle against them. You have told us that only they who so truly love their fellow men as to seek to do them good, and, if necessary, to risk their lives and all their worldly goods in defence of those who are injured, can be truly called *great men*. If this be so, then Alexander and Cæsar and Bonaparte were not great men. But, judged by this rule, Washington was one of the greatest men that ever lived."

"And is it not so, my son?"

"Oh yes; I am sure it is. You have said that it was, and I can see that what you say must be true."

"Washington is called the Father of his Country by all his countrymen; but where do you find either of the great conquerors

you have named, addressed by so endearing a title? He was a great benefactor; and because of the great benefits he conferred upon his nation, all love him. He lives in the hearts of his countrymen. The name of WASHINGTON is associated with all that is noble, great, and good."

"I would rather be Washington than any man who ever lived," said Thomas with brightening eyes and glowing cheeks,—"would not you, father?"

"No, my son."

"You wouldn't!" exclaimed John in surprise. "Who would you rather be? Not Alexander?"

"No, I would rather be myself."

The children looked curious.

"I would rather be just what my Creator has made me," said the father. "All men are born different, and all with capacities for benefiting their fellow creatures different from other men. It takes all to make a perfect world. If all men were generals, who would plough the ground and

raise bread for the hungry? If all were tillers of the ground, who would build our houses? If all were mechanics, who would carry the products of one country to another, and thus distribute earth's blessings equally over its broad surface? If all the body were an eye, how could we walk? If all were feet, how could we speak or hear? And one member of the body is not greater than another, where all equally perform their work for the good of the whole. And so it is in the world, my children.—Every man may be great in the peculiar office or calling for which he is best fitted by Providence, whether he be a statesman, a general, a husbandman, a merchant, or a mechanic, if in doing the work of his office he perform it diligently, and look to the good of the whole. And no man should envy another because the work he is called upon to do in the world makes him more distinguished in the eyes of his fellow men; for his ability is different, and the uses assigned him to perform are wider and

more general in their effects. It is the end for which a thing is done that gives character to the doer of any work. It is the effort to benefit others that makes true greatness; and, therefore, the humble artizan, or tiller of the soil, may be a greater man than ever was the most distinguished hero the world has seen. Who, then, is greatest? I hope you can all answer, as with one voice, my children—THE GOOD MAN!"

THE TRUANT.

I AM very sure that if boys and girls would think oftener of their parents, and of their own conduct as rendering them happy or unhappy, they would, in many cases, act differently from what they do. I am sure this would have been the case with Henry Williams, who, though not a vicious, evil-disposed boy, was always getting into some kind of trouble or other, and as often bringing grief to his parents, who loved him, and were ever anxious to secure his good. Henry's great defect was his thoughtlessness. He was ever ready to act from the impulse of the moment, and rarely disposed to look ahead

and think of consequences. A boy like this must necessarily be ever falling into wrong actions—be ever subject to blame and punishment. And the parents of such a boy must ever be in trouble about him.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams, were, therefore, always in trouble about Henry. At school, he was frequently in disgrace, the consequence of inattention to his studies or disregard of wholesome rules; at home, he created disturbance among the children; and he was frequently complained of by neighbours. Neither advice, persuasion, remonstrance, nor punishment seemed to do any good. It is painful to write this of any boy, especially of one who had received so much good instruction, and on whom so much affectionate and intelligent care had been bestowed. But truth is truth, and we cannot now hide it from the light.

Think, my young reader, whether you are such a boy, or inclined to be such a boy, as Henry Williams. If so, make now a resolution to change for the better—make it,

and abide by it; for in so doing, you will save yourself and your parents much pain of mind.

But I must not keep you from the story I am about telling, nor tire you with my counsel.

One day, Henry came home from school, looking more sober than usual. The fact was, he had been guilty of conduct that induced the teacher to write a note to his father, which note he had in his pocket. What the contents of the note were he did not know; but, he did know, that the simplest statement of what he had done would grieve his father and mother exceedingly, and, in all probability, procure him a just punishment.

On leaving school at the close of the afternoon session, after having been delayed until his teacher could prepare the note to his father, Henry started for home. On his way, he met a classmate, who said to him, in allusion to his having been detained—

"What did Mr. Jones do to you?"

"Nothing," replied Henry in a sober voice.

"What did he say to you?"

"Nothing."

"Then why did he keep you in?"

"To give me a note for father."

"Oh ho! That was it. And you've got the note in your pocket?"

"I have."

"Why don't you tear it up?

Now, the thought of not delivering the note had never, till this moment, entered the mind of Henry; and, probably, would not have entered it but for the suggestion of his companion.

Thus it is, when we step aside into wrong ways, that the tempter comes quickly to our ear.

Henry, however, shook his head and answered promptly—

"No—I can't do that."

"I'd do it in a minute," said the lad. "Mr. Jones will forget all about it by to-

morrow morning, and your father won't be any the wiser for his having written to him about you."

Henry argued the matter, even against his inclinations, on the one side, while his companion argued it on the other,—and so the boys talked on until Henry Williams reached his own door, when he entered the house, with the teacher's note still in his possession.

Poor Henry! He felt badly enough.

"I wish I hadn't done it!" How often were these words formed, spontaneously, in his thoughts. He had imagined that rare sport was to be found in annoying the teacher by a flagrant violation of the rules. Alas! how sadly was he disappointed.

To meet the grief of his mother and the displeasure of his father, was a trial greater than the lad felt brave enough to endure. And so, the evening was permitted to pass by with the teacher's note yet in his pocket. He did not mean to destroy it; but he

thought he would be better able to deliver it in the morning.

Henry's changed and more subdued manner was noticed by his parents, who, not dreaming that any thing was wrong, felt gratified when they saw him go voluntarily to his lessons and study them diligently, and, when the proper hour for retiring arrived, take a light and go up quietly to his chamber.

The boy did not go immediately to his bed; but sat down and remained for some minutes, in a musing attitude and with a sober countenance. He was troubled. Presently he drew the teacher's note from his pocket, looked at the direction, and turned it over and over in his hand. The image of his father was before him; and he saw, on his face, the grief and displeasure which the reading of that note must inevitably occasion.

"I can't give it to him," said Henry, while a low shudder of painful reluctance passed through his frame.

But to destroy the note would not be right. This the lad felt, and it made the conflict going on in his mind the more severe. At length, however, I am sorry to say, Henry deliberately held the sealed note in the candle, and let it burn until half consumed. Then, as self-reproaches for what he was doing grew stronger, he suddenly removed it, and with a breath extinguished the blaze.

Unfolding now the disfigured remains of the letter, these words, uneffaced, met his eyes:—

"Be kind enough to drop me a line by Henry in the morning. I wish to know whether you approve of what I suggest."

Ah! here was a new phase in the trouble the lad had brought upon himself. The teacher had desired his father to reply to the note—and the note was destroyed. How could he appear at school on the next day. Thus it is that one wrong step leads us into a path where temptation lurks on

every hand, and where some new trouble awaits each advancing footfall.

For a long time after Henry retired to bed, he lay awake, thinking over the dilemma in which he was placed. But he saw no way of escape. A good spirit suggested the confession of every thing to his father, as soon as he met him in the morning; but an evil spirit whispered many objections—and so the better way of getting over the difficulty in which he had placed himself was set aside. Morning found him exceedingly unhappy, though his mind was somewhat clearer. Had he then gone to his father, and made a full confession of what he had done at school, and how he had been tempted to act afterward, with promises of amendment for the future, all would have been well. This, his better judgment told him it was wisest and best to do; but, evil counsellers had been admitted into his heart, and they so blinded him with false reasonings and whispered fears, that he let his father leave the

house for his store, after he had eaten his breakfast, without the acknowledgment and plea for forgiveness that almost trembled on his lips.

At the usual hour, Henry started for school. But, how could he meet his teacher without the desired communication from his father? To do so would only be to expose the fact that he had not delivered the note. So he loitered along, irresolute, and lingered by the way until after the school-hour. See how one wrong act leads naturally to another! There is no true safety but in ever doing right. If we step aside, in ever so small a thing, there is no telling how far astray we may get.

Well; the school-hour had passed, and Henry was still a loiterer in the street, and in heart a truant!

"A truant!" How the very thought of being a truant would have called, but the day before, a blush to his cheek! A truant! To him there had always been something so mean and despicable in the idea. From

his heart he had always despised a truant. And yet, here he was, now, acting out the very character he had so despised.

Slowly and with a heavy pressure on his heart, Henry Williams moved along from block to block, and from street to street. He had no purpose in his mind. There was no pleasure in the liberty to go where he willed that he now possessed. The wholesome restraint of the school-room, had he been there, would have been delightful compared to his present state.

So he kept wandering on, aimless, from street to street, until he arrived at the wharf; when he stepped on board of a steamboat, and, going to the upper deck, sat down there, and was soon lost in his own gloomy thoughts. Suddenly he became aware that the boat was in motion. He started up and ran down stairs. But, he was too late. The gangway plank had been drawn in, and the boat, which was going up the river, was already several feet from the dock.

At dinner-time Mr. and Mrs. Williams were surprised and troubled by the fact that Henry was absent. Such a thing had never occurred before. So much concerned were they about it, that neither felt any appetite for food. On rising from the table, after eating a few mouthfuls, Mr. Williams went to the house of Mr. Jones, the teacher, to inquire about his son. To his great grief, he learned that Henry had not been to school since the day before; and, with still greater grief, heard the story of his bad conduct, and the fact that the teacher had written him a note, which note had failed to come into his possession.

I am sure, if Henry could have seen into his father's heart at that moment, and could have comprehended how great were his sufferings, he would have been overwhelmed with grief. All this suffering he had occasioned to a parent who tenderly loved him, and who was doing all in his power for his good.

No more business was done by Mr. Wil-

liams on that day. He could not think of business; but went about, from place to place, searching for and trying to gain some information of his absent, wayward, disobedient son. Passing, towards the middle of the afternoon, one of the newspaper-offices, he noticed a crowd around the bulletin board, and on reading the news posted thereon, was pained to learn that an accident had happened, a few hours before, to one of the river boats, by which many lives were lost.

Towards evening, Mr. Williams went home, hoping to find his son there. But in this he was disappointed. He was just relating the terrible accident which had that day occurred on the river, when a letter was handed in. On breaking the seal, he found that it was from Henry's teacher. The reader may judge of his feelings, and of those of the boy's mother, when he read—

"My Dear Sir:—I have learned this moment the painful news that Henry

was seen to go on board the steamer —— a few minutes before she left the wharf. You have doubtless heard of the frightful disaster which has occurred to this boat. I sincerely hope that no injury has been sustained by your unhappy boy."

The poor mother's cry of agony filled instantly the apartment, and, for a few moments, Mr. Williams stood motionless, almost paralyzed by the fearful intelligence.

A minute or two before, Henry, who had escaped all harm, though he had been in imminent danger, arrived at home. Another boat had taken the surviving passengers from the wreck, and brought them to the city. He had entered silently, and was standing so as to see what was passing in the room, when his father read the note from Mr. Jones. There was no need of an interpreter to make him understand the meaning of his father's look of fear and anguish, and the mother's low, wailing cry, that thrilled him in every nerve. All this

he had occasioned. It was for him that they were so moved.

Not long did the penitent, and already sorely punished boy, linger to gaze upon this painful scene. With a quick hand he threw open the door and entered. How suddenly was all changed! With an exclamation of joy, his mother caught him in her arms, and wildly hugged him to her bosom; while the father sank upon a chair, and, covering his face with his hands, sought to conceal his emotions.

But little was said to Henry by his parents. As for himself, he penitently confessed every thing, and promised a more faithful obedience to their precepts in future, and, I am happy to say, has kept his word. Whenever he is tempted to act in opposition to their desires, the picture of what he saw on that never-to-be-forgotten occasion rises up before him, and he then remembers that every wrong act on his part brings pain to them.

Let all children think of this; and

resolve that they will do nothing to grieve and distress their parents, to whom they owe so much; who are daily toiling for them, and at all times seeking their good. Let them bear ever in mind, also, that in requiring them to do, or to refrain from doing, certain things, their parents, who are older and wiser, are governed only by a wish to secure the present and future good of their children; and that only in the most implicit obedience to these, their kindest and best friends, are there for them real safety and true happiness, either in the present or in the future.

THE NEW YORK
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"I'M AFRAID."

Page 71.

I'M AFRAID.

"I'M afraid," said a little boy, turning back with a look of alarm, from a stately ox that stood in the path along which his father and himself were walking.

"Why are you afraid, Henry?" asked Mr. Gray.

"I am afraid of his horns. He's going to hook me!"

"No, he won't hurt you. Here, take this stick and go and drive him off of the path."

"Oh no—no. I am afraid." And the child clung to his father's side.

Mr. Gray was a thoughtful man, and a man of sense. He understood well the influence of early states and impressions on

the mind and moral feelings in after life. He knew that the character of a child needed great care in guiding it to a right development. He knew that temperance, fortitude, and courage were cardinal virtues in the man; and that the seeds of these must be sown in the young mind, if the germs were not already there.

"Did an ox ever hurt you, Henry?" he calmly asked.

"No, sir."

"Then, what makes you afraid of him?"

"He looks as if he would hook me."

"But I know that he will not do it. Here, take my stick and drive him away."

Henry had been taught obedience. By the manner in which his father now spoke, he knew that he was really in earnest.

"Indeed, papa, I am afraid," urged the timid boy, looking up with a quivering lip and an imploring eye.

"Afraid! My little boy afraid!" Mr. Gray spoke as if he were greatly surprised. "I don't want my Henry to be afraid."

"But I am afraid, papa. I know he will hurt me with his horns. See! how he shakes his head. There, he is coming!" and he clung closer to his father's side, as the ox took one or two steps forward.

"My little boy is a coward!" This was said by Mr. Gray in a voice expressive of sorrow and displeasure, mingled with something of contempt. Its impression was all he desired. The fear of his father's displeasure and contempt (this last word is rather too strong, but it best expresses the idea wished to be conveyed,) became more active than mere bodily fear.

"No, I'm not a coward," he said, drawing himself up, somewhat proudly, and taking one step from his father's side.

"Then take my cane and drive that ox away from our path." He spoke with some sternness.

Henry was still afraid, but moral fear was more active than physical terror. He hesitated only for a moment; then, taking his father's cane, and lifting it in the air he

moved towards the stately beast. The ox seemed disposed, at first, to disregard the threatening attitude of the boy. He dropped his head and shook it violently. Henry trembled, and looked back into the face of his father, but that face had not relaxed a muscle. He took one more step forward, brandishing the cane. The ox still remained firm; but it was only for a moment longer—quickly turning his head, he started from the path, and ran off to a distance.

Delighted to see so large and strong a beast run from him, Henry laughed and shouted aloud.

"Didn't I make him go, father?" he cried, as he handed back the cane. "Am I a coward?"

"No, not now. You are my brave little boy," said Mr. Gray with an encouraging smile.

"I'll drive all the oxen wherever I please, now, shan't I?"

"You can always drive them away

when they are in wrong places. But it would be cruel to drive them about and worry them when they are in the fields."

After walking along for a short distance, another ox was seen standing in the path. He was black, and had, to the eyes of Henry, an angry, threatening look. His fears returned, and he was about shrinking behind his father, when the thought of being called a coward re-inspired him.

"Here, my son, drive that beast away."

The boy could no longer hesitate. He took the cane held out by his father, and brandishing it in the air, ran towards the ox. The animal did not seem at all inclined to move, but dropped his head, and shook it angrily. Henry started back, and looked around at his father.

"Try again. Don't be afraid," urged Mr. Gray.

Henry made another effort, but with no better success.

"He won't move, father."

"Yes, he will. Go up close to him, and

strike him with the cane, if he does not move."

"I am sure he will hook me."

"Keep away from his horns, but strike him. He won't hurt you."

Thus urged, the little fellow ran forward with a shout, and made an attempt to strike the ox; but the stubborn animal had no intention of permitting matters to go so far as that. He wheeled around, quickly, and darted off before Henry's blow could fall.

"That's my brave boy," said Mr. Gray approvingly. "I knew the ox wouldn't hurt you."

Henry was much pleased with this second proof of his superiority over dumb animals.

"Didn't I make the big ox run? Didn't I, father?" he shouted in great glee.

After that he would go up to an ox or a cow without fear.

This was Mr. Gray's first lesson in courage to his boy. He saw that he was na-

turally timid, and felt it to be all-important that this weakness should be counteracted, and bravery encouraged. He well knew, that to pass safely and usefully through the world, courage was essential—courage to brave any moral consequences in doing right, or any physical danger when duty called. And he wished his children to have those characteristics of mind which would make them useful in all the varied positions in life that they might be called upon to occupy.

Henry was only four years old when this first lesson was given, but the effect upon his character was indelible. It enabled Mr. Gray to follow up, successfully, his desire that this boy should become fearless of danger when duty called with an imperative voice. At the age of eight years, Henry had gained so much over his natural weakness, that on one occasion he promptly sprang into the water, when a companion had fallen in, and saved his life at the risk of his own.

Of mere recklessness he was never guilty, for he still had remains enough of natural timidity and dread of bodily pain to hold him back from danger, if there were no call for him to expose himself. But so judiciously had his father cultivated his higher faculties, that the calls of humanity or duty were always imperative. This makes the finest character, when well developed. A man whose firmness, decision, perseverance, and courage are not mere natural qualities, but spring from a deep moral sense, is the noblest and the most useful of men. He is never urged on by blind impulse or mere recklessness of danger. He acts with firmness, decision, and courage, just at the right time, in the best manner, and at the true crisis. Such a man was Henry Gray, on reaching the years of maturity.

At the age of twenty-three he married, and moved to a distance from his native place. His new home stood near the bank of a large river. He lived there for ten

years, and had four children, who were springing up around him and giving light to his household. One day, about this time, a most terrific storm arose. The bosom of the broad river, that had for hours been sleeping in the bright sunbeams, was lashed into wild fury by the hurricane that swept over it.

"See, Jane," said Mr. Gray to his wife, suddenly, as they stood looking out of a window, "isn't that a sloop coming round the point opposite? Yes, it is; and the wind is driving her madly along. If the helmsman is not careful, she will be thrown on to that reef of rocks, when, in such a storm, she will be dashed to pieces, and all on board be lost."

The eyes of his wife turned to the point mentioned by her husband, and she shuddered to see a vessel, under bare poles, careering along under the power of the rushing winds swifter than if all her canvas had been spread to a strong breeze. She was driving towards a sunken reef, on

which several sloops had been lost within a few years.

"By my life, Jane, they will be dashed to pieces!" Mr. Gray ejaculated, as he saw the unfortunate vessel rapidly approaching the rocks.

As he spoke, he turned from the window, and took three or four strides across the room towards the door.

"Henry! What are you going to do?" exclaimed Mrs. Gray, springing to his side, and taking fast hold of his arm.

"I am going to prepare to save, if possible, some of the unfortunate people on board that sloop, if she should strike the reef," was his calm, but resolute reply.

"No—no, Henry. You must not put your life in danger! I will not let you go!" This was spoken wildly, and with a countenance suddenly pale with fear.

"Jane," said Mr. Gray, looking steadily into his wife's face, "when the cry of humanity comes to our ears, and there is a clear probability of giving relief, we cannot

hesitate on grounds of personal danger. When duty calls, let us fearlessly obey. The great Sustainer and Preserver will sustain and preserve us. If in my power to save, by a timely and well-directed effort, a single individual of that boat's crew, do you not think me bound to make the attempt?"

Mrs. Gray did not reply. But she still clung to his arm.

"Suppose your own brother were in that vessel?"

The grasp of Mrs. Gray's fingers slightly relaxed.

"Would you say to me, 'Make no effort to save him?'"

Her hand fell to her side.

"Jane,"—Mr. Gray spoke earnestly—"I will never risk my life wantonly. Do not fear that. I know nothing of the feeling called 'fool hardiness.' If I go into danger, it will be to save others; and whoever is in the earnest effort to save others from destruction, is, himself, wonderfully

protected. Few, very few lose their lives when unselfishly seeking to rescue a fellow-creature from impending death."

Mrs. Gray understood her husband, and she no longer opposed him. To do so, she was well aware, would have been useless. But her heart sunk heavily, and beat with a troubled motion. She turned to the window, as he left the house, while the storm was raging with unabated fury. Casting her eye towards the hapless vessel, she shuddered to see that it was driving madly on towards the most dangerous point in the river, where, just beneath the foaming surface, lay a broad reef of rocks. There were not five minutes between that sloop and destruction. Next she perceived her husband running at full speed towards the shore, where lay, tossing on the agitated waters, a little boat, in which she knew too well that he would trust himself, to the great peril of his life. And he did, without an instant's hesitation, trust himself upon the bosom of the tossing billows. She

saw him hurriedly unfasten the boat, and, springing into it, as he drove it far from the shore with a muscular arm, seize the oars and pull courageously out from land. The heart of the wife sunk within her, as she stood fixed to the spot, and saw the frail craft rising now upon a foaming wave, and now diving down as if it would sink in the waters, while her husband's arm seemed feeble as a child's, as he plied eagerly the oars, struggling to reach a point in the river nearly a quarter of a mile distant.

The wind seemed to sweep along with redoubled violence—the rain fell in a deluge of water, and the broad sheets of lightning spread themselves out in rapid succession on the quivering air, and were quickly followed by tremendous and almost incessant crashing peals of thunder.

Every moment the distance between the tiny boat and the shore increased; but the straining eyes of Mrs. Gray could still distinguish the form of her brave husband, steadily bending to his oars. But long before

he could reach the spot he feared would prove fatal to the sloop, she had rushed madly upon the rocks, and was almost instantly dashed in pieces. Mrs. Gray saw this, and could not restrain a cry of anguish, even amid her fears for her husband.

Henry Gray laboured now with almost superhuman strength; aided by the wind that was driving against the stern of his light craft, he almost flew over the surface of the water, leaping from wave-top to wave-top, like a sea-bird on the wing. But ere he could reach the fatal spot, six of those who trode that vessel's deck were sleeping their last long sleep, far down the rocky depths of the river. Three men, who were clinging to fragments of wood, he saved, and with his precious freight turned away from the fatal spot and pulled for the shore.

The darkness of night was falling gloomily around when Mr. Gray, his duty done, commenced his return to land. The men

he had picked up, reclined passively, from fear or exhaustion, in his boat, and appeared incapable of affording him any assistance. But he asked none: his arm was still strong, and his courage unabated. Manfully he struggled against the fierce driving tempest, and slowly but surely made headway against it. Night soon shut in and hid the shore from view. But there was one there who could not forget him nor his need. His wife had watched him until she could no longer distinguish his form in the boat, and then, by the aid of a glass, she still followed anxiously all his motions. She saw the vessel dashed to pieces, and saw her husband reach the spot and rescue several men who were floating about. Then she saw him turn homeward; but the darkness soon hid him from her view. Thoughtful and prompt to act, as the wife of such a man should be, she had a large fire built upon the shore, and stood by it herself, though the storm was yet unabated, and with her own hands kept up the blaze

that was to be the beacon-light of her husband, amid darkness and tempest.

Nearly half an hour was passed in the anguish of suspense. Then her quick ear detected, in pauses of the storm, the faint sound of oars. She knew it was from her husband's boat, and her heart bounded with joy, pride, and gratitude to God. Soon the sounds grew more and more distinct, coming direct towards her beacon-fire. At length the boat touched the shore. Mr. Gray bounded out, and drew it high up and beyond the power of the strong current he had struggled against so manfully.

"Oh, Henry! Thank God that you are safe!" exclaimed Mrs. Gray, seizing his arm with both hands, and clinging to him with a nervous grasp.

"Yes, let us thank Him, Jane, for what he has done. And for this guiding-fire let me thank you. Without it, I must, I fear, have been lost."

"Henry! Jane!" exclaimed, in a familiar

voice, one of the men, who had, till now, remained seated, in a half-stupified state of mind in the boat, stepping out quickly as he spoke, and throwing his arms around his preserver and his wife.

"Oh, my boy! Is it to you that I owe my life?"

"My father!" ejaculated Mr. Gray, with a quick start, turning, and disengaging himself from his arms—"Is it indeed my father!"

"Yes, my child. Your noble courage has saved your father's life. I was coming to visit you, but did not dream of such a meeting."

Beyond this we need not carry the reader. His own imagination will fill up all that remains. Was not the father right in teaching his boy to be courageous? Who will answer—nay?

EDWARD'S DREAM.

WANT of reflection, rather than a purpose to give trouble and do wrong, was the fault of Edward Martin. This it is but just that we should say in favour of a lad who was, to his poor widowed mother, a daily source of trial.

Edward never seemed to think of others; or, we should say, how his conduct would affect others. Reckless, impulsive, and noisy, he kept all in excitement around him. His appearance at home, after school, was always the beginning of disorder or the signal for trouble. He could not pass his younger brothers or sisters without

putting his hand upon them in an improper manner; nor could he see them enjoying themselves at play, without some kind of interference.

Thus, Edward made himself the disturber of the household.

As we have said, he was a great trial to his poor mother, whose health was feeble, and who, in order to keep her children around her, toiled daily beyond her strength.

One afternoon Edward came dashing into the house, in his usual boisterous manner, slamming the door behind him with a loud jar, and rattling and stamping up the stairs with a noise that resembled more the trampling of a horse that any thing else. At the landing above, he met his brother Harry, whom he saluted with a pinch on the ear, and set the little fellow to screaming violently. As he entered the sitting-room, he deliberately kicked over a house which Charley had just built, with patient ingenuity, out of some blocks which

had been given to him; and seizing Anna's doll, he threw it roughly to the top of a clothes-press.

The consequence was, that all three of the children were set to crying.

"Edward!" a feeble voice called to the lad from the adjoining room. It was the voice of his mother.

Knowing that he would be reproved for his conduct, Edward did not obey the call, and waited for it to be repeated three or four times before answering his mother.

"What do you want?" came then, rudely and undutifully from his lips.

"I want you." There was something unusual in the tone of Mrs. Martin's voice. It was not angry nor reproving, but low, and very sad.

Edward felt, instantly, sorry for what he had done, and spoke a few soothing words to his brothers and sister; though with little effect. Then he went into his mother's chamber. He found her lying upon her bed, and looking very pale and troubled.

"The children were quiet and happy until you came in, Edward."

There was, to the ear of the boy, a still deeper sadness in his mother's voice. He did not attempt to excuse himself, for he felt that he had done wrong—but stood silent, with his eyes upon the floor.

"Edward," resumed Mrs. Martin, "it is not very long that I have to stay with you. When I am dead, you will remember the pain you gave your mother, and this will be a sad recollection."

The mother's voice trembled; then she burst into tears and hid her face in the pillow.

Edward's feelings were touched. He stood, for a few moments, near his mother, and then slowly moved away. He felt sorry for what he had done. Passing through the adjoining room, he went up to the garret, where he slept at night, and with a sigh, laid himself across his bed. He seemed to have been lying there only a few minutes, when he was surprised by

the entrance of a stranger, who said to him, abruptly—

"Your mother is dead!"

Starting up, (in his dream, for he had already fallen asleep,) Edward ran downstairs, where he met a crowd of persons going into the chamber he had just left. He followed. One glance at the pale, death-stricken face of his mother sufficed.

Uttering a cry of grief, the unhappy boy threw himself beside the lifeless form of his parent. Oh, what a crowd of rebuking memories now thronged through his mind! Every unkind act and word came up before him, and they filled his heart with unutterable, yet unavailing, grief. She who had so loved him, and so suffered through his unkindness, had passed away. He would see her no more—would never again hear her loving voice. What would he not then have given to be able to recall the past!

"Oh, my mother! My mother!" he

cried. "Come back! Come back to me. I will never grieve you again."

Suddenly there was a change. A light seemed to break around him. He started up, and found himself in his garret-room, with the last rays of the setting sun looking in upon him.

"Was it only a dream!" he murmured as his panting breast rose and fell, and he gazed doubtingly around him. "Was it only a dream? or is my mother really dead?"

Not until he had hurried down to his mother's room, and looked upon her living face, was Edward fully satisfied that he had been asleep. She lay in a quiet slumber; but there were tears upon her pale cheeks. A little while he stood bending over her, and then, obeying the impulse of his heart, he awakened her with a fervent kiss.

"I will try to be good, mother; indeed, I will," came earnestly from his lips.

Mrs. Martin started up, and looked at

her boy with a bewildered countenance, for some moments.

"I will try to be good; indeed, I will!" repeated Edward, with visible emotion, now laying his wet cheek against that of his mother.

"Only try, my son," said the mother, with much feeling, the instant she comprehended the scene, while a glow of pleasure warmed her heart. "Only try, my son, and we shall all be so happy."

"I will; I will," promised the penitent and weeping boy.

And since that time, the thoughtless Edward Martin has been one of the kindest of brothers and most obedient of sons.

THE DANGER OF DISOBEDIENCE.

IT was Saturday, and there being no school, Harry Green arose early—much earlier than he was accustomed to rise on school mornings—saying to himself, as he drew on his clothes—

"What a fine time I shall have, fishing in Mr. Jones's mill-dam to-day."

Almost every Saturday Harry was permitted to go to the mill-dam and fish, where he spent hours in the sport. It was sport for him; but it would hardly be fair to say that the bright little sunfish and silvery gudgeons enjoyed their part of the entertainment much, particularly when jerked from the water with a hook

in their gills, and thrown upon the sand to gasp in the hot sunshine. But Harry was young, and young children are not much given to reflection. He did not think of the pain he gave, nor of the mysterious and wonderful thing called life, which he was extinguishing, in order to gain a brief pleasure. Harry's mother used sometimes to say to him, when she saw him with his fishing-pole and line—

"How can you be so cruel as to hurt the dear little fishes?"

"Oh, it doesn't hurt them, mother," he would probably answer; or if she said—

"How would you like to be caught by some giant fisher, and swung away up in the air with a hook in your mouth?"—

He would laugh at the idea, and reply—

"I wouldn't bite at his hook;" or, "I'm not a fish."

So, try as she would, Mrs. Green couldn't get her son to understand that fishing was a cruel sport.

Well, as we were saying, Harry got

up early on Saturday morning, his mind elated in anticipation of the pleasure that was before him, and going down-stairs, commenced arranging his fishing-tackle. He was tying on a hook when called to breakfast. But his mind was so much interested that he felt no appetite, and it was only after he was particularly enjoined to come and get his breakfast, by his father, that he left his employment.

After eating a few mouthfuls, the boy retired from the table, saying that he was done, and, going out of doors, resumed his employment.

Mr. Green was about leaving the house, half an hour afterwards, when he said to Harry, who was standing near the door—

"I don't want you to go over to Mr. Jones's mill-dam to-day, my son."

As Mr. Green said this, he saw Harry's countenance fall, and understood that, in obeying his wishes, he would suffer a severe disappointment. So, in order to make him comprehend that he was in earnest,

and thus leave him no room for temptation to disobedience, he added—

"I'm particular in this, Harry. Therefore, if you have thought about fishing to-day, let the thought pass from your mind, and try and seek some other source of amusement."

Poor Harry! He was sadly cut down at this. Mr. Green turned and left the house, and his son went and sat down by himself under the plum-tree, where he indulged in a hearty spell of crying. As the tears subsided, his thoughts went yearningly toward the mill-dam, and he permitted himself to think that his father was unfeeling in depriving him of the day's anticipated pleasure.

"It's hard—it is so!" murmured the boy, as a spirit of rebellion began to arise in his mind. "I'm sure I've fished there every Saturday for a month past, and I can't see why I'm to be deprived of the pleasure to-day. As for danger, father says that Providence protects us, and that

we are as safe in one place as in another. It's hard—it is so!"

Thus the lad thought and talked to himself. As for finding other amusements, or getting interested in any thing else, that was out of the question. If he couldn't go a fishing, he wouldn't do any thing.

Mr. Green had been gone about an hour, when Harry, who had continued to cherish rebellious thoughts, saw a schoolmate, named Edward Grant, passing along the road, not far from his father's house. He called after Edward, who stopped, and the two boys were soon talking together earnestly.

"Come! A'n't you going over to the mill-dam?" said Edward, as they met.

"Not to-day," replied Harry, looking unhappy.

"Why not?" inquired Edward.

"Father says I mustn't go."

"Why?"

"I don't know."

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"That's queer! Well, are you going to stay at home all day!"

"Father said I mustn't go to the mill-dam."

"Where is he?"

"He's gone over to the store."

"And won't be home until dinner-time?"

"No."

"Have you your fishing-line in your pocket?"

"Yes."

Harry had taken his line from his rod and placed it in his pocket soon after his father went away; and though he scarcely knew that it was so, the act was prompted by a spirit of disobedience.

"Come along, then," said Edward. "You can have two hours' good fishing, and get home before your father returns."

"I'm afraid he might find it out; and, if he did, he would be sure to punish me."

He thought more about the punishment than of the evil of disobedience.

TEMPTED TO DISOBEDIENCE.

Page 103.

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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R C

"Your father won't know any thing about it. How should he?"

"He might ask me; and I wouldn't like to tell a lie."

"No danger. I don't believe he'll ever think any thing more about it. Come along. I want you with me."

Thus urged, we are sorry to relate that Harry Green yielded. After looking carefully all around, to be sure that he was not observed, he said—

"I will go, just for a little while; but I can't stay long."

The mill-dam was nearly half a mile distant, and the way usually taken in going to it led across a deep and rapid stream, over which a single hewn log was thrown. It required a steady eye and a careful attention to the steps, in going over this rude and unsteady bridge, to pass it in safety. Harry had been across it dozens of times. Every Saturday he had gone that way to the mill-dam. So used was he to the narrow and perilous

path, that it was his custom to run over it with a foot almost as light and fleet as that of a squirrel.

When the two boys arrived at this slender bridge, Edward went foremost, and ran along unconscious of danger, as usual. But not so with Harry. As he set his foot upon it, and glanced down at the swift-gliding water, fretted into a white foam on the surface, he felt a sense of insecurity to which he had before been a stranger. Edward was running ahead, and his rapid steps shook the long and narrow log, and made those of Harry unsteady. Fear soon began to take the place of insecurity.

"Why don't you come along? What are you stopping about?" cried Edward, after he had crossed over, seeing that Harry was standing about the centre of the bridge, stooping his body, reaching out his arms to balance himself, and gazing down upon the rushing flood below.

Harry, at this, moved on a few paces;

but as he did so, he felt his head begin to swim. Then he lost the power of accurately poising his body, and, under this feeling, stooped down to grasp the log upon which he was standing. In attempting to do this, he pitched over, and, with a cry of horror, went down into the rushing and roaring stream!

Mr. Green, soon after going to his store, experienced a sense of uneasiness that connected itself with thoughts of his son. He remembered how disappointed he had looked when he told him that he did not wish him to go to Mr. Jones's mill-dam; and, from knowing Harry's disposition, he had some fears lest he should be tempted to disobey him. Understanding well that danger always attends disobedience, his uneasiness increased the more he thought about the possibility of the lad's being led off to do a forbidden thing. So oppressive did this state of mind become, that Mr. Green determined to go home some two hours before the usual time of his return,

in order to see if all was right. On his way he met a neighbour, who came hurriedly towards him.

"Oh, sir," exclaimed the man, "I was just coming for you. Your son has fallen into the water."

Mr. Green grew instantly very pale.

"And is drowned!" said he, trying to speak steadily, but with a quivering voice.

"I'm afraid he's dead," replied the man. "He fell from the log-bridge near Mr. Jones's mill-dam."

Mr. Green clasped his hands together in agony.

"Is the body recovered?" he asked.

"Oh, yes. I got it out of the water myself, and carried it to your house."

"Will you go for the doctor?" asked Mr. Green.

"Certainly I will," replied the neighbour, "and do you get home as quickly as you can."

When Mr. Green entered the chamber where they had carried his boy, his mind

was so dreadfully agitated that he had not the power of speech. He found the body placed in a warm bed, and over it the mother bending, pale, tearful, and helpless.

Soon the Doctor arrived, and made use of the usual means for restoring the drowned, in which, happily, he was successful. The heart renewed its pulsations, the lungs inhaled the vital air, warmth spread over the skin, and the eyes of the reviving one looked once more upon the anxious faces of those who loved him. By one of the narrowest chances, he had escaped death.

A few days afterwards, Mr. Green said to Harry, while talking to him about the accident—

"You crossed that bridge safely a great many times before. How came it that you fell on Saturday?"

Harry replied that he did not know.

"I will tell you, my son," said Mr. Green. "It was because you were acting disobediently; thus removing yourself from the Divine protection."

"But did you not tell me that God loves every one, and is ever seeking to save even the wicked and disobedient?" said Harry. "Could he not have protected me as well on Saturday, when I crossed the bridge, as at any other time?"

"No, not so well, my son. In acting disobediently, you turned yourself away from him and his angels, and turned yourself towards evil spiritual companions, who, seeking to do evil, withdrew you, so to speak, from the circle of safety with which our Heavenly Father seeks to encompass every one. Did you feel the same when you placed your foot on that narrow bridge as before?"

Harry, after thinking a moment, answered—

"No. I never thought of danger before, but felt as safe and walked as steadily as when on the solid ground. But on Saturday, I looked at the log as I came to it, and thought that it was very narrow; and as soon as I put my foot on it, I felt it

shake. The water below ran swifter, and it seemed as if I must fall."

"And you did fall?"

"Yes, sir; I felt as if there was something in me that pushed me off of the log. I tried to catch hold of it, and thus keep from dropping off into the water, but it was of no use."

"Be sure, my son," said Mr. Green seriously, "that what I have said about going as it were out of the circle of Divine protection, by acting disobediently or evilly, is a most solemn truth. The Lord cannot protect the evil, even bodily, as well as he can protect the good; because the evil affection in the mind brings an evil spiritual association, and thus removes the person at a distance, so to speak, from the Lord; and all who are removed from the Lord, in any sense, are in great danger. If then, you wish to be in safety, always do right. It is said that the wicked flee when no man pursueth. You can partly understand this in your own case; for your conscious-

ness of disobedience made you fearful at the bridge, where you had never been afraid before; and this fear helped to cause the very thing you dreaded."

While the lad sat thinking of what the father said, Mr. Green further remarked—

"I had a good reason for not wishing you to go over to the mill-dam on Saturday. Somebody told me, the day before, that one of Mr. Jones's children had the small-pox. I did not wish to tell you of this, until I was certain that it was true; for such a report would keep a great many persons from Mr. Jones's mill. I am glad to know that no such serious illness exists in Mr. Jones's family; but had it existed, and you, in your disobedience, succeeded in getting to the mill-dam, you might have gone to the house and taken it, and perhaps died. My son, there is only one path of safety, and that is the path of obedience. Let me urge you, for your own good, never to forget this."

DON'T GIVE UP.

"I CAN'T do it, father. Indeed, I can't."

"Never say can't, my son. It isn't a good word."

"But I can't, father. And if I can't I can't. I've tried, and tried, and the answer won't come out right."

"Suppose you try again, Edward," said Mr. Williams, the father of the discouraged boy.

"There's no use in it," replied the lad.

"What if you go to school to-morrow without the correct answer to this sum?"

"I'll be put down in my class," returned Edward.

Mr. Williams shook his head, and his

countenance assumed a grave aspect. There was a silence of a few moments, and then, the father said—

"Let me relate you a true story, my son. Thirty years ago, two lads about your age, were school-companions. Both got on very well for a time; but, as their studies grew more difficult, both suffered discouragement, and each said often to his father, as you have just said to me—'I can't.' One of these boys, whose name was Charles, had a brighter mind than the other, and could get through his tasks easier; but his father was very indulgent to him, and when he complained that his lessons were too hard, and said, 'I can't do this, and I can't do that,' he requested the teacher not to be so hard with him.

"But it was different with the father of the other boy, named Henry. To every complaint, he answered, 'Don't give up, my boy! Try again; and if not successful, try again and again. You can do it—I know you can.'

"Thus encouraged, this lad persevered, and, in every case, overcame the difficulties in his way. Soon, although his mind was not naturally so active as the mind of his companion, he was in advance of him. When they left the school, which was about the same time, he was by far the best scholar. Why was this? He did not give up because his task was hard; for he had learned this important lesson—that we can do almost any thing, if we try.

"Well, these two boys grew up towards manhood, and it became necessary for them to enter upon some business. Charles was placed by his father in the office of a physician; but he did not stay there long. He found it difficult, in the beginning, to remember the names and uses of the various organs of the body, and soon became so much discouraged, that his father thought it best to alter his intention regarding him, and to put him into a merchant's counting-room, instead of continuing him as a student of medicine. Here Charles remained until

he became of age. Some few years afterwards he went into business for himself, and got on pretty well for a time; but every young man who enters the world dependent upon his own efforts, meets with difficulties that only courage, confidence, and perseverance can overcome. He must never think of giving up. Unfortunately for Charles, these virtues did not make a part of his character. When troubles and difficulties came, his mind sank under a feeling of discouragement; and he 'gave up' at a time when all that was needed for final success was a spirit of indomitable perseverance, that removes all obstacles. He sank, unhappily, to rise no more. In giving up the struggle, he let go his hope in the future, and ere he had reached the prime of life, found himself shattered in fortune and without the energy of character necessary to repair it.

"In the same office where Charles was placed, Henry was entered as a student of medicine. At first, when he looked into

the books of anatomy, and read the names of bones, muscles, nerves, arteries, &c., it seemed to him that he never could learn these names, much less their various uses in the human body. For a short time he gave way to a feeling of discouragement; but then a thought of the many hard tasks he had learned by application, came over his mind, and with the words 'Don't give up' on his tongue, he would apply himself with renewed efforts. Little by little he acquired the knowledge he was seeking. Daily he learned something, and it was not long before he could look back and mark the steps of his progress. This encouraged him greatly. Soon new and greater difficulties presented themselves; but encouraged by past triumphs, he encountered them in a confident spirit, and came off conqueror.

"Thus Henry went on, while Charles gave up quickly. In the end, the former graduated with honour, and then entered upon the practice of the profession he had

chosen. There was much to discourage him at first. People do not readily put confidence in a young physician, and he had to wait two or three years before he received practice enough to support himself, even with the closest economy. During this long period, in which the motto 'Don't give up' sustained him, he got in debt, for articles necessary for health and comfort, about three hundred dollars. This troubled, but did not dishearten him. 'I can and will succeed,' he often said to himself. 'Others have met and overcome greater difficulties than mine; why then, should I give up?'

"A little while longer he persevered, and had the pleasure to find himself free from debt. From that time a prosperous way was before him; though he had often to fall back upon the old motto—'Don't give up.' Many years have passed, and Henry is now professor of anatomy in ——— University."

"Why, father, that is you!" exclaimed

the listening boy, the interest on his face brightening into pleasure.

"Yes, my son," replied Mr. Williams. "I have been giving you my own history."

"But what became of Charles?" inquired Edward.

"You know the janitor in our college?" said Mr. Williams.

"Yes, sir."

"He it is who, when a boy, was my school-mate. But he gave up at every difficulty. See where he is now. He had a good mind, but lacked industry, perseverance, and a will to succeed. You can do almost any thing, my boy, if you only try in good earnest. But, if you give up when things are a little hard, you must never expect to rise in the world—to be useful according to your ability, either to yourself or mankind. Now, try the hard problem again; I am sure you will get the right answer."

"I will try," said Edward, confidently,

"and I know it will come out right next time."

And so it did. One more earnest trial, and his work was done. Far happier was he, after this successful effort, than he could have been, if, yielding to a feeling of discouragement, he had left his task unaccomplished. And so all will find it. Difficulties are permitted to stand in our way, that we may overcome them; and only in overcoming can we expect success and happiness. The mind, like the body, gains strength and maturity by vigorous exercise. It must feel and brave, like the oak, the rushing storm, as well as bask amid gentle breezes in the warm sunshine.

THE

CHILDREN AND THE ROBIN.

THE snow had been falling steadily since morning, and the earth was covered to the depth of several inches. Late in the afternoon, as little Mary Wilson and her brothers, Thomas and Edward, were sitting near the grate in the parlour, they heard a fluttering noise against the windows. On looking around, they saw a bird, with his wings outspread and his breast pressed against one of the panes of glass, at which he was now beginning to peck with his slender bill.

"Oh! a robin, a robin redbreast!" exclaimed Mary, clapping her hands together.

And all the children started up and ran toward the window.

"There! he is gone!" said Mary, in a disappointed voice, as she stopped suddenly.

"Let us open the windows, and then all go and sit quietly down upon the sofa," said Thomas.

So the children opened the windows, and went and sat down upon the sofa, as Thomas had suggested. In a little while the robin came back and lit upon the window-sill. The children did not stir nor make a noise; and soon he hopped down upon the floor, and went and hid himself in a corner of the room, behind a large chair.

"Go and shut the window, brother," whispered Mary to Edward; and Edward went softly to the window and shut it down, after which he returned to the sofa, and, with Mary and Thomas, remained very quiet. It was not long before the warmth of the room made robin feel better: so he came out from his hiding-place, and stood

for about a minute, turning his head from one side to the other, and appearing to examine every object in the room with his little dark expressive eyes. Satisfied at last, he took three running hops, which brought him into the middle of the room, where he made another pause, and took another survey. Mary said in a gentle voice,

"Robin! Robin!"

The bird was frightened, and fluttered back to its hiding-place. But as the children remained very still, it soon came out once more, and hopped into the middle of the room. Mary again said,

"Robin! Robin!"

The bird started, and stood turning its head from one side to the other, as before. But it did not run back into the corner this time. Presently it began picking up some crumbs of cake which the nurse had let the baby scatter on the floor. I cannot tell you how much the children were pleased at this. They could hardly help

clapping their hands and shouting for joy. But they restrained themselves, for fear of frightening little robin redbreast, and called him in low voices, saying,

"Robin! Robin! Dear little robin redbreast!"

The bird seemed to understand that they spoke kindly to him, for he hopped toward them a little way, and then stopped and turned his head as before, from side to side. It was not a great while before he would permit himself to be taken up in their hands, and let them smooth his soft feathers.

"I'll ask papa to buy us a cage as soon as he comes home," said Edward.

"To put poor robin in?" asked Mary, looking with earnest eyes into her brother's face.

"Yes, indeed! We'll keep him in a pretty cage, and he shall sing for us."

"Oh, no!" returned Mary. "We won't shut poor little robin redbreast up in a cage."

THE CHILDREN AND THE ROBIN.

Page 122.

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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R

"Why not?" asked Edward. "What will we do with him?"

"We'll let him fly out of the window whenever he wants to go. It would be cruel to shut him up in a little cage."

"But papa will get us a big cage."

"The biggest cage you can get would be a small place alongside of the fields and woods. Oh, no! Don't think of putting robin redbreast into a cage. We will feed him, and then open the window and let him go away again. The ground is all covered with snow, and he cannot find any thing to eat in the fields. He will come back to us every day while the snow is on the ground; and we will feed him every day. He has come to us, and trusted in us. Don't let us deceive him."

"If you let him go, we will never see him again," said Thomas, who felt much more in favour of Edward's proposition.

"Oh, yes! I am sure we will. But even if he should never come back, he has done us no wrong. He doesn't belong to

us. We have no right to rob him of his freedom, and shut him up in a cage."

"He'll be a great deal better in a cage than out in the cold winter. He will freeze to death before spring," urged Thomas.

"No, he won't. When he's cold and hungry, he will come and tap at the window as he did to-day; and we will let him in, and feed him and warm him. Oh! I am sure it will make us a thousand times happier to do this than it will to shut him up in a wire prison."

For a long time the children talked over the fate of the robin that had trusted himself in their hands. Mary's better counsels prevailed. After he had eaten as much as he wanted, and had rested for half an hour in Mary's lap, the window was opened, and away he flew.

"Good bye, robin red-breast," said Thomas. "I hardly think we shall ever see you again."

"Oh! yes, we will. I know he will

come back again," spoke up Mary, quickly. "We shall see him to-morrow."

Thomas was very doubtful about it, and said he was sorry they had not kept the bird until their father came home, and then asked for a cage to put it in. "We'll not have another chance, soon, to get so nice a bird."

When papa came home, and the children told him about the robin, he said that he was very glad they had done as Mary suggested, and let the bird go at liberty—that it would have been cruel to shut him in a cage, when he had been all his life a free bird in the woods and fields.

On the next morning, all the clouds had disappeared from the sky, and the sun was again out brightly. But it was very cold, and the snow lay deep upon the ground.

"Robin hasn't come yet," said Edward, about ten o'clock. He still felt as if he would like to have the bird in a cage.

"Robin isn't going to come," returned Thomas.

"Wait a while," said Mary, in her soft and gentle way. "Wait a while. I don't give up robin yet. See!" she added in a quick, exulting voice; "there he is, now! I knew he would come."

And as she spoke, robin lighted down upon the window-sill, and with his red breast touching the glass, pecked for admission.

We need not say how quickly the window was thrown open, with glad and welcome exclamations. The bird did not seem in the least afraid, but stepped upon Mary's hand, and was lying, in an instant after, pressed gently to her bosom. Thomas ran into the dining-room for some crumbs, while Edward stood looking admiringly at the little creature that lay so full of confidence on his sister's breast.

"Shut dear, good robin up in a cage!" said Mary, touching her lips to the bird. "No, no, indeed! They shall not put him into a cage."

Thomas brought some crumbs, and held

them in his hand to the bird. Robin was hungry, and picked away at them eagerly, while the children looked on with delight. After he had eaten as much as he wanted, they gave him some water, into which he dipped his delicate bill. Then he hopped about the room, and seemed to feel quite at home. In about an hour, they opened the window for him, but robin found his quarters so comfortable, that he had no wish to leave them. He perched himself upon the back of a chair, and looked at the window, but made no attempt to fly out; so they let him stay as long as he pleased, which was for several hours. Then he pecked at the window, and when Mary opened it, he flew off as swiftly as his wings could carry him.

Every day, as long as the snow remained upon the ground, the bird came and tapped on the window with his bill, for admission. There was always some one ready to let him in and give him the crumbs of bread he sought. Sometimes he would come

while the family were eating their dinner or breakfast, and then he was sure to get upon the table beside Mary's plate, and pick up the crumbs of bread she gave him.

When the earth became bare again, robin did not visit his friends so often; at last, as the spring opened, he ceased coming altogether.

One sunny day, late in April, Mary had thrown open the window, and was sitting near it, listening to the birds that were singing joyfully among the trees, when all at once, a pair of robins came fluttering down and lit upon the window-sill. One of them she recognised in a moment. It was her old friend. From the window-sill he flew to her hand, and then turned, and as plain as a bird could do it, invited his companion to follow him. But she was more timid, and seemed to be uneasy. Robin stayed but a few moments with Mary, and then flew back to his mate upon the window-sill. Here they did not linger

long, but soon spread their wings, and Mary saw them no more.

When Mary told this pleasant incident, Thomas and Edward were surprised and delighted beyond measure.

"He brought his mate to see us! Oh! I wish I had been at home," said Thomas.

"Robin is much happier than if he were shut up in a cage," remarked Mary. "And I am sure, we acted a more generous and honourable part with him than we would have done if we had abused the confidence he placed in us, and made him a prisoner for life."

"It would have been cruel, I acknowledge," said Thomas: "and I am now very glad it was not done."

"And so am I," responded Edward.

"Certainly, it would have been cruel, my children," said the father, who had been listening to them. "We should never seek for pleasure at the cost of pain, either to our fellow-creatures, or to any animal. There are higher and better sources of

pleasure than these, in which happiness to others is the consequence. I am sure you have all experienced a threefold delight in witnessing the remarkable expression of gratitude in that bird, beyond what you could possibly have known if you had robbed him of his liberty, and made him a prisoner in a narrow cage."

And in these humane sentiments we are very sure that all of our young readers will most heartily concur.

THE POWER TO SHUN EVIL.

"REMEMBER," said Mr. Barton, as he sat talking with his children, "that no matter how severely you may at any time be tempted, you need not fall. Simply refrain from doing the evil to which you are strongly inclined, and you are safe. The power thus to refrain is given to every one."

"Yes, I know that it is so," replied his daughter Mary; "for I have proved it over and over again. Even to-day I found it easy to do right, when I was strongly tempted to do wrong. Last week I called in to see Clara Lee. She was working a collar from a most beautiful pattern, that pleased

me very much. I asked her if she would not lend it to me, when she had finished her collar, that I might work one from it for myself. But she declined doing so, with a manner that hurt me."

"That was hardly kind," remarked Mr. Barton. "Why did she do so?"

"I believe she did not wish me, nor any one else, to have a collar precisely like this one. In fact, I know it, for she said so to Ellen Maylie; and also told her that she had burned the pattern to keep any one else from getting it."

"That certainly was not acting from a very good spirit," said the father.

"I think not," replied Mary. "But I was tempted to act in a spirit very little, if any, better. I must own that I felt annoyed at Clara's selfishness. Instead of pitying her weakness and being sorry for what was wrong in her, I rather permitted myself to be half angry, and to feel a wish to be even with her. To-day the opportunity was offered for gratifying this feeling,

I called upon Harriet Wilford, and she showed me a book full of lace patterns that her uncle had sent her over from Paris. In looking through it, my eyes lit upon a pattern precisely like the one Clara had, and instantly I said—

"'Oh! isn't this beautiful? Won't you let me work myself a collar like it?'

"'Certainly,' she replied, 'from that or any other pattern in the book.'

"'Won't I take her by surprise!' I remarked to myself, with a glow of satisfaction at the chagrin that Clara would experience. But I had no sooner said this, than it flashed through my mind that I was neither thinking nor intending right; and so, after a short struggle with myself, I repressed the feeling from which I was about to act."

"How did you repress it, my daughter?" asked the father.

"By calling it evil; and, because it was evil, resolving not to let it influence my actions."

"Did you find this a very difficult task, Mary?"

"Oh, no!"

"And you have experienced an inward peace and satisfaction of mind ever since this determination to shun what was evil?" said Mr. Barton.

"Oh, yes," returned Mary, "an inward peace that I can hardly describe."

"And such peace will follow every act of shunning what is wrong; while, on the other hand, the sure consequence of acting from a selfish or evil purpose, is a disturbance of the mind, that robs it of all true delight. Ever bear this in remembrance, my children; and also bear in remembrance, that it is not a hard thing to shun what is evil. All that is required is a sincere effort to do so, and then there will flow into your minds an instant and all-sufficient power. This power comes from the source of all good—from God."

THE APRIL FOOL.

"HADN'T we the fun with old Mr. Bender, Tom!"

"Hadn't we!" returned the lad thus addressed. "Oh, but wasn't he mad!"

Thus spoke two boys together, on returning from school at dinner-time, on the first day of April. Their mother, overhearing their words, said—

"What about Mr. Bender, boys?"

"Oh, we had such fun with him, mother, as we went to school this morning," replied Tom.

"And he was so mad," said Harry, the brother of Tom.

"Why did he get angry with you?" inquired the mother.

"We made such a fool of him," was answered.

"Of old Mr. Bender?"

"Yes, indeed. Tom tore from a fence part of a showbill, on which was printed 'Great Excitement,' and stole up behind Mr. Bender, and pinned it fast to his coat. Then hadn't we the fun!"

"And didn't he get mad! All the boys pointed at him, and called him 'April Fool;' and the men laughed. Oh! it was such fun!"

The mother of the boys did not smile at this, but looked very serious.

"I am sorry," said she, "that you did this, my boys. It was wrong."

"Oh, but it was only for fun, mother. To-day is the first of April, you know, and he needn't have got so angry about it. It only made the people laugh at him the more. But, he is such a cross old fellow."

"My children," said the mother, "let me tell you something that happened to-day."

The little boys became serious, and came up close to their mother and listened.

"You know," said she, "that Mrs. Judkin has been sick all winter?"

"Yes, ma'am," was answered.

"And that she is poor?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, her Andrew, who is no older than you, Henry, had to be taken from school and put to work in a printing-office, where he has been receiving a dollar and a quarter a week. Yesterday the little fellow heard that Mr. Bender wanted an office lad, and that he would pay one that suited him two dollars a week. The situation would, besides yielding more money, be much easier, and he would have time and opportunity to improve his mind.

"So Andrew told his mother about it, and she agreed with him that it was best to call upon Mr. Bender, who had known his father, and befriended him while living on more than one occasion.

"'I'm sure he will take me,' said the

eager boy, as he left home, 'and oh, how glad I shall be to get away from the printing-office!'

"A little while before nine o'clock, Andrew stepped around to the office of Mr. Bender, which was not far from where he worked. He opened the door, and went in with a hopeful yet trembling heart. Mr. Bender sat in his great arm-chair, with a newspaper in his hand. Looking up as the door turned on its hinges, he fixed an angry look upon the boy, and said in a sharp, quick voice—

"'What do you want? ha!'

"Poor Andrew's hopes were dashed to the ground by this reception. He stammered out—

"'Do you wan't a boy, sir?'

"'No! Clear out, you little rascal!' replied the old man, in a rough, excited voice.

"The lad turned away, without a word more, and went back to the printing-office. But his heart was almost broken by the

rude repulse and disappointment. Now, my boys, can you tell why Mr. Bender, who is, in the main, a kind-hearted man, repulsed Andrew Judkin so harshly?"

"He was angry about something, I suppose," said Thomas.

"Can you guess what that something was?"

"No, ma'am. How should I know?" replied Thomas.

"I am sure you could guess, if you were to try. Think?"

"I cannot indeed. Do you know, mother?"

"I do not know certainly. Still, my thoughts on the subject are not, probably, very far wrong."

"Was it because we made him an April fool?"

"I think so," returned the mother. "You say he was very angry?"

"Oh, yes. He was as mad as he could be, and shook his fist at us."

"You had your fun, as you call it," said

the mother of the boys, "but poor Andrew Judkin has, in all probability, lost a good place in consequence. He will hardly venture back again to the office of Mr. Bender."

"I don't think," remarked one of the lads, "that it was very manly in Mr. Bender to get into a passion just because we made him an April fool. We played tricks on other men; but they only laughed at us, and so we had fun all around."

"All men are not alike," was replied to this. "Some are sensitive on one point, and some on another. Few persons can bear ridicule, though some have the power to conceal its effects, while others have not. Mr. Bender has, naturally, a quick, irritable temper, and is, besides, sensitive to ridicule. Such being the case, it was scarcely possible for him not to get angry when two little boys were so rude as to make sport of him in the street. No doubt he felt mortified, afterwards, for having thus lost his self-control; but, ere there

had been time enough for this change in his feelings to occur, poor Andrew came with his petition, and received an angry repulse."

"I am sorry," said Harry, appearing troubled, "that I made fun of Mr. Bender. I'm sure I wouldn't have done so, if I had thought he was going to get so very angry. But, if we acted wrong, I don't think he was right in treating Andrew as he did. Andrew didn't make fun of him."

"All injustice is wrong, my son," replied the mother, "and, therefore, Mr. Bender did wrong. Still, the wrong was done while he was, as it were, not himself, and not really conscious of what he was doing. You were to blame for wantonly insulting him, and thus producing the state of mind from which he acted. Yours was the first aggression, and, therefore, you are quite as much responsible as Mr. Bender for the wrong done to poor Andrew Judkin."

The boys looked sober. Their mother added—

"Never, my children, seek pleasure at the expense of another. Think, before you make sport of any one, how you would feel if subject to a like annoyance. There is a Golden Rule by which your actions should ever be governed—'As ye would that men would do unto you, do ye even so to them.' Remember this, hereafter, and set a guard upon yourselves, lest you break it. There are sources enough of pleasure in the world, without seeking it in a trespass upon the rights of others."

THINKING AND SPEAKING.

"IN the other life," said Margaret, "there will be no concealments. What we think, will express itself in our faces more perfectly than our thoughts can now be expressed by words and tones of voice."

"I should not like everybody to know what I thought," replied Herbert.

"Not if your thoughts were pure and good, like the thoughts of the angels?" said Margaret. "Only evil thoughts desire concealment; good and true thoughts are ever willing to express themselves for the benefit of others. It is only because we are evil, that we have learned the art of concealment."

"I remember," said Herbert, "seeing in a newspaper the other day, that some one had said, 'words were invented by mankind to conceal their thoughts.' It seemed to me, then, a very strange saying; but it is, perhaps, after all, not so far from the truth."

"No, it is not. Of this fault of concealing what we really think and feel under a particular form of words, all of us are, at times, more or less guilty. Do you remember what you said when Henry Lee and his sister came in sight, yesterday, away at the end of the lane?"

"Yes, I said, 'that I wished they hadn't come, for now we would have to stay at home to entertain them, instead of going, as we had intended, to visit Aunt Jane.'"

"Those were your real thoughts. You were not glad to see them. Now do you remember how you ran half-way down the lane to meet them, and said, 'Oh! how glad we are that you have come to spend the day with us!' Did not these words conceal your real thoughts, Herbert?"

"They certainly did. But should I have told them that I wished they had stayed at home."

"No, certainly not."

"But if my face had expressed what I felt, that would have been its language: was it not better for me to use concealment?"

"It certainly was not good for you to express what was untrue."

"If I had not done so, I would have hurt and offended them."

"This does not follow as a matter of course, Herbert. Your first effort, after the feeling of disappointment that the sight of your young friends occasioned, should have been to put away your selfish feelings, and endeavour to think about the pleasure Henry Lee and his sister expected to find in their visit to us. This would have brought you into a better state of mind, and enabled you to welcome them with true as well as cordial words."

"But suppose they could have seen my thoughts?"

"They would have seen that you were disappointed in losing your expected visit, but willing to forego it for their sakes; and then, in a spirit of good-will, not wounded pride, they would have gone home in time for you to go to Aunt Jane's. Thus, in mutual efforts to give pleasure, both parties would have been made happy."

"This would have been better, I believe," said Herbert. "Then it is from something selfish in us that we endeavour to conceal our real thoughts from others?"

"Yes, when we express what is not true; for no good purpose needs to make use of evil means; and lying is evil. But in the present state of the world, it is not necessary for us always to say what is in our minds. Harm, instead of good, would often come of it. It is in the Divine Providence that the muscles of the face have been permitted to become so rigid to the influx of thoughts as not to express them fully, that the real malignancy, vileness, and evil purposes of man's heart may not be

seen, but be shut up like wild beasts in a dark cavern. But it is the duty of every one who seeks to live a good and true life, to be very careful not to utter what is false. If we tell a person that we love him, when it is not so, then we do hurt to ourselves, for we deceive and lie, and always do harm rather than good. But if we are silent, except when we think it best to speak the truth, and endeavour at the same time to have right thoughts and feelings, our speech, when a word is uttered, will be for good."

NOT AFRAID TO DIE.

TWO little girls, named Emily and Jane, met on their way to school.

"Oh, Jane!" said Emily, looking very serious, "I called just now for Mary Lane, and the servant told me that she was dead."

"Dead! Why, Emily! When did she die?"

"She was taken sick in the night, and was dead before morning. I am so sorry! Poor Mary! Isn't it a dreadful thing to die, Jane?"

"What makes it so dreadful, Emily?" asked Jane, who had always being taught that death was only a continuation of life; and that to die was not such an awful thing as many persons believed it to be.

"Don't you think it dreadful to die, and be buried up in the ground?" said Emily, surprised at the apparent indifference of her companion.

I don't know why we should be afraid to die," answered Jane; "and as to being buried up in the ground, that is only done to our bodies, for which we have no more use."

"Oh, you don't know how much I am afraid to die!" returned Emily. "And so is mother and Aunt Ellen. They think death an awful thing."

"But my mother says it is only just like stepping from a meanly furnished room, through a dark passage, into a handsome saloon or parlour. Or, like going from a cold and barren country into one full of rich fruits, and warm with the bright sunshine. And I am sure it is so; for mother knows. And father, he says so too, and father never tells me any thing but the truth. He says, that inside of our natural bodies are our spiritual bodies; and that it is

these bodies that see, and hear, and feel: that they are our *real* bodies, which have put on a clothing of flesh and blood. These spiritual bodies are just like the bodies of the angels. When we are about to die—or to lay off, as father says, our covering of flesh and blood—the Lord sends two of his best angels to attend upon us and receive us into the other world, which is a spiritual world, in which we can see with our spiritual eyes, and hear with our spiritual ears, feel with our spiritual hands, and walk with our spiritual feet. As we have no use for our bodies of flesh and blood there—and could not really take them with us—they are left behind, as of no more use, and are buried up in the earth, from whence they were first taken. In the spiritual world, into which we rise after leaving this, we will find ourselves in company with people, just as we do here. Around us will be trees and houses, green fields, rivers and streams, innocent birds and animals, as we see them here. We will walk

and talk, and enjoy all these things—only better than we did in this world, because they are all spiritual, and more real and perfect than such things possibly can be here. You certainly are not afraid to go into such a beautiful world as this, Emily?"

"Oh no! If that is all that is meant by dying, I am not afraid to die. I thought it some dreadful thing. I am sure mother does."

"No, it is nothing dreadful. But I would rather stay here with my father and mother, and sister and brother, just as long as the Lord will let me stay, for I love them. But, if He wants me to leave this world and go into the other world, I shall not be afraid to die, for I know He will take me into heaven, and that I shall be forever with the angels."

THE END.

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MR. AIKEN'S RETURN FROM THE FIRE.

WHO ARE HAPPIEST?

AND

OTHER STORIES.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ORIGINAL DESIGNS BY CROOME

PHILADELPHIA:
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CONTENTS.

PAGE

WHO ARE HAPPIEST? 9

DICK LAWSON AND THE YOUNG MOCKING-BIRD... 21

THE MEANS OF ENJOYMENT 60

MAN'S JUDGMENT 72

WHAT FIVE DOLLARS PAID 89

LOOK AT T'OTHER SIDE 97

THIN SHOES 115

THE UNRULY MEMBER 131

THE RICH AND THE POOR.. 149

INTRODUCTION.

In this volume, the stories are not illustrative of childish experiences. Most of the actors are men and women,—and the trials and temptations to which they are subjected, such as are experienced in mature life. Their object is to fix in the young mind, by familiar illustrations, principles of action for the future. While several of the volumes in this series will be addressed to children as children, others, like this one, will be addressed to them as our future men and women, toward which estate they are rapidly progressing, and in which they will need for their guidance all things good and true that can be stored up in their memories.

WHO ARE HAPPIEST?

"WHAT troubles you, William?" said Mrs. Aiken, speaking in a tone of kind concern to her husband, who sat silent and moody, with his eyes now fixed upon the floor, and now following the forms of his plainly-clad children as they sported, full of health and spirits, about the room.

It was evening, and Mr. Aiken, a man who earned his bread by the sweat of his brow, had, a little while before, returned from his daily labour.

No answer was made to the wife's question. A few minutes went by, and then she spoke again:

"Is any thing wrong with you, William?"

"Nothing more than usual," was replied. "There's always something wrong. The fact is, I'm out of heart."

"William!"

Mrs. Aiken came and stood beside her husband, and laid her hand gently upon his shoulder.

The evil spirit of envy and discontent was in the poor man's heart,—this his wife understood right well. She had often before seen him in this frame of mind.

"I'm as good as Freeman; am I not?"

"Yes, and a great deal better, I hope," replied Mrs. Aiken.

"And yet he is rolling in wealth, while I, though compelled to toil early and late, can scarcely keep soul and body together."

"Hush, William! Don't talk so. It does you no good. We have a comfortable home, with food and raiment,—let us therewith be contented and thankful."

"Thankful for this mean hut! Thankful for hard labour, poor fare, and coarse clothing!"

"None are so happy as those who labour; none enjoy better health than they who have only the plainest food. Do you ever go hungry to bed, William?"

"No, of course not."

"Do you or your children shiver in the cold of winter for lack of warm clothing?"

"No; but"——

"William! Do not look past your real comforts in envy of the blessings God has given to others. Depend upon it, we receive all of this world's goods the kind Father above sees best for us to have. With more, we might not be so happy as we are."

"I'll take all that risk," said Mr. Aiken. "Give me plenty of money, and I'll find a way to largely increase the bounds of enjoyment."

"The largest amount of happiness, I believe, is ever to be found in that condition wherein God had placed us."

"Then every poor man should willingly remain poor!"

"I did not say that, William: I think every man should seek earnestly to improve his worldly affairs—yet, be contented with his lot at all times; for, only in contentment is there happiness, and this is a blessing the poor may share equally with the rich. Indeed, I believe the poor have this blessing in larger store. You, for instance, are a happier man than Mr. Freeman."

"I'm not so sure of that."

"I am, then. Look at his face. Doesn't that tell the story? Would you exchange with him in every respect?"

"No, not in *every* respect. I would like to have his money."

"Ah, William! William!" Mrs. Aiken shook her head. "You are giving place in your heart for the entrance of bad spirits. Try to enjoy, fully, what you have, and you will be a far happier man than Mr. Freeman. Your sleep is sound at night."

"I know. A man who labours as hard as I do, can't help sleeping soundly."

"Then labour is a blessing, if for nothing else. I took home, to-day, a couple of aprons made for Mrs. Freeman. She looked pale and troubled, and I asked her if she were not well."

"'Not very,' she replied. 'I've lost so much rest of late, that I'm almost worn out.'

"I did not ask why this was; but, after remaining silent for a few moments, she said—

"'Mr. Freeman has got himself so excited about business, that he sleeps scarcely three hours in the twenty-four. He cares neither for eating nor drinking; and, if I did not watch him, would scarcely appear abroad in decent apparel. Hardly a day passes that something does not go wrong. Workmen fail in their contracts, prices fall below what he expected them to be, and agents prove unfaithful; in fact, a hundred things occur to interfere with his expectations, and to cloud his mind with disappointment. We were far happier when we

were poor, Mrs. Aiken. There *was* a time when we enjoyed this life. Bright days! —how well are they remembered! Mr. Freeman's income was twelve dollars a week; we lived in two rooms, and I did all our own work. I had fewer wants then than I have ever had since, and was far happier than I ever expect to be again on this side of the grave.'"

Just then a cry was heard in the street.

"Hark!" exclaimed Mr. Aiken.

"Fire! Fire! Fire!" The startling sound rose clear and shrill upon the air.

Mr. Aiken sprang to the window and threw it open.

"Mr. Freeman's new building, as I live!"

Mr. Aiken dropped the window, and catching up his hat, hurriedly left the house.

It was an hour ere he returned. Meanwhile the fire raged furiously, and from her window, where she was safe from harm, Mrs. Aiken saw the large new factory, which the rich man had just erected, en-

tirely consumed by the fierce, devouring element. All in vain was it that the intrepid firemen wrought almost miracles of daring, in their efforts to save the building. Story after story were successively wrapped in flames, until, at length, over fifty thousand dollars worth of property lay a heap of black and smouldering ruins.

Wet to the skin, and covered with cinders, was Mr. Aiken when he returned to his humble abode, after having worked manfully, in his unselfish efforts to rescue a portion of his neighbour's property from destruction.

"Poor Freeman! I pity him from my very heart!" was his generous, sympathising exclamation, as soon as he met his wife.

"He is insured, is he not?" inquired Mrs. Aiken.

"Partially. But even a full insurance would be a poor compensation for such a loss. In less than two weeks, this new factory, with all its perfect and beautiful machinery, would have been in operation

The price of goods is now high, and Mr. Freeman would have cleared a handsome sum of money on the first season's product of his mill. It is a terrible disappointment for him. I never saw a man so much disturbed."

"Poor man! His sleep will not be so sound as yours, to-night, William."

"Indeed it will not."

"Nor, rich as he is, will he be as happy as you, to-morrow."

"If I were as rich as he is," said Mr. Aiken, "I would not fret myself to death for this loss. I would, rather, be thankful for the wealth still left in my possession."

Mrs. Aiken shook her head.

"No, William, the same spirit that makes you restless and discontented now, would be with you, no matter how greatly improved might be your external condition. Mr. Freeman was once as poor as you are. Do you think him happier for his riches? Does he enjoy life more? Has wealth brought a greater freedom from care? Has

it made his sleep sweeter? Far, very far from it. Riches have but increased the sources of discontent."

"This is not a necessary consequence. If Mr. Freeman turn a blessing into a curse, that is a defect in his particular case."

"And few, in this fallen and evil world, are free from this same defect, William. If wealth were sought for unselfish ends, then it would make its possessor happy. But how few so seek riches! It is here, believe me, that the evil lies."

Mrs. Aiken spoke earnestly, and something of the truth that was in her mind, shed its beams upon the mind of her husband.

"You remember," said she smiling, "the anecdote of the rich man of New York, who aked a person who gave utterance to words of envy towards himself—'Would you,' said he, 'take all the care and anxiety attendant upon the management of my large estates and extensive business operations, merely for your victuals and clothes?'

'No, indeed, I would not,' was the quick answer. '*I get no more,*' said the rich man, gravely. And it was the truth, William. They who get rich in this world, pass up through incessant toil and anxiety; and, while they *seem* to enjoy all the good things of life, in reality enjoy but little. They get only their victuals and clothes. I have worked for many rich ladies, and I do not remember one who appeared to be happier than I am. And I am mistaken if your experience is not very much like my own."

One evening, a few days after this time, Aiken came home from his work. As he entered the room where his wife and children sat, the former looked up to him with a cheerful smile of welcome, and the latter gathered around him, filling his ears with the music of their happy voices. The father drew an arm around one and another, and, as he sat in their midst, his heart swelled in his bosom, and warmed with a glow of happiness.

Soon the evening meal was served—

served by the hands of his wife—the good angel of his humble home. William Aiken, as he looked around upon his smiling children, and their true-hearted, even-tempered, cheerful mother, felt that he had many blessings for which he should be thankful.

"I saw something, a little while ago, that I shall not soon forget," said he, when alone with his wife.

"What was that, William?"

"I had occasion to call at the house of Mr. Elder, on some business, as I came home this evening. Mr. Elder is rich, and I have often envied him; but I shall do so no more. I found him in his sitting-room, alone, walking the floor with a troubled look on his face. He glanced at me with an impatient expression as I entered. I mentioned my business, when he said abruptly and rudely—

"'I've no time to think of that now.'

"As I was turning away, a door of the room opened, and Mrs. Elder and two children entered.

"'I wish you would send those children up to the nursery,' he exclaimed, in a fretful half-angry voice. 'I'm in no humour to be troubled with them now.'

"The look cast upon their father by those two innocent little children, as their mother pushed them from the room, I shall not soon forget. I remembered, as I left the house, that there had been a large failure in Market street, and that Mr. Elder was said to be the loser by some ten thousand dollars—less than a twentieth part of what he is worth. I am happier than he is to-night, Mary."

"And happier you may ever be, William," returned his wife, "if you but stoop to the humble flowers that spring up along your pathway, and, like the bee, take the honey they contain. God knows what, in external things, is best for us; and he will make either poverty or riches, whichsoever comes, a blessing, if we are humble, patient and contented."

DICK LAWSON,

AND THE YOUNG MOCKING-BIRD.

"Dick!"

"Sir."

"I want a young mocking-bird. Can't you get me one?"

"I d'no, sir."

"Don't you think you could try?"

"I d'no, sir. P'r'aps I might."

"Well, see if you can't. I'll give you half a dollar for one."

"Will you? Then I'll try."

And off Dick started for the woods, without stopping for any further words on the subject.

The two individuals introduced are a

good-natured farmer in easy circumstances, and a bright boy, the son of a poor woman in the neighbourhood.

As Dick Lawson was hurrying away for the woods, his mind all intent upon finding a nest of young mocking-birds, and despoiling it, he met a juvenile companion, named Henry Jones.

"Come, Harry," said he, in an animated voice, "I want you to go with me."

"Where are you going?" asked the friend.

"I am going to look for a mocking-bird's nest."

"What for?"

"To get a young one. Mr. Acres said he would give me half a dollar for a young mocking-bird."

"He did?"

"Yes, he did so!" was the animated reply.

"But don't he know that it's wrong to rob bird's nests!"

"If it had been wrong, Harry, Mr. Acres wouldn't have asked me to get him a bird

He knows what is right and wrong, as well as anybody about here."

"And so does Mr. Milman, our Sunday-school teacher; and he says that it is wicked to rob bird's nests. You know he has told us that a good many times."

"But Mr. Acres knows what is right as well as Mr. Milman, and if it had been wrong, he'd never have asked me to get him a bird. And then, you know, he says he will give me half a dollar for a single one."

"I wouldn't touch a bird's nest for ten dollars," rejoined Henry Jones, warmly.

"I would then," replied Dick, from whose mind the promised reward had, for the time, completely dispelled every tender impression received both from his mother, who had been very careful of her child, and his teacher at the Sunday-school. "But come," he added, "you'll go with me, anyhow."

"Not, if you are going to rob a bird's nest," firmly responded Henry. "It is wicked to do so."

"Wicked! I don't see any thing so very wicked about it. Mr. Acres is a good man, so everybody says, and I know he wouldn't tell me to do a wicked thing."

"I'm sure it is wicked," persevered Henry Jones, "for isn't it taking the poor little birds from their mother? Don't you think it would be wicked for some great giant to come and carry your little sister away off where you could never find her, and shut her up in a cage, and keep her there all her life?'

"No, but birds are not little children. It's a very different thing. But you needn't talk, Harry; for it's no use. If you'll go along, you shall have half the money I get for the bird—if not, why, I'll go myself and keep the whole of it."

"I wouldn't go with you for a hundred dollars," said Harry half-indignantly, turning away.

"Then I'll go myself," was Dick Lawson's sneering reply, as he sprang forward and hurried off to the woods.

He did not, however, feel very easy in mind, although he attempted first to whistle gayly, and then to sing. The remonstrance of Henry Jones had its effect in calling back previous better feelings, awakened by the precepts of a good mother and the instructions of a judicious Sabbath-school teacher. To oppose these, however, were the direct sanction of Mr. Acres, towards whom he had always been taught to look with respect, and the stimulating hope of a liberal reward. These were powerful incentives—but they could not hush the inward voice of disapprobation, that seemed to speak in a louder and sterner tone with every advancing step. Still, this voice, loud as it was, could not make him pause or hesitate. Onward he pursued his way, and soon entered the woods and old fields he had fixed in his mind as the scene of his operations.

An hour's diligent search ended in the discovery of a nest, in which were two young ones, with the mother bird feeding

them. This sight softened Dick's heart for a moment, but the strong desire, instantly awakened, to possess the prize for which he had been seeking, caused him to drive off the old bird, who commenced fluttering about the spot, uttering cries and showing signs of deep distress. These, although he could not help feeling them, did not cause him to desist. In a few moments he had one of the birds safely in his possession, with which he bounded off in great delight.

"Well, Dick, have you got my bird?" said Mr. Acres, as Dick came puffing and blowing into his presence.

"Yes, indeed!" returned Dick with a broad smile of pleasure, presenting the bird he had abstracted from its warm, soft nest.

"You are a fine smart boy, Dick, and will make a man one of these days!" said Mr. Acres, patting Dick on the head encouragingly. Then, taking the bird, he toyed with it for a while fondly—fed it, and finally placed it in a cage. The promised half-dollar, which was promptly paid

to the lad, made him feel rich. As he was about leaving the house of Mr. Acres, the latter called to him:

"Look here, Dick, my fine fellow, don't you want a dog? Here's Rover, the very chap for you."

"May I have Rover?" eagerly asked Dick, his eyes glistening with delight.

"Yes. I've more dogs now than I want."

"He fights well!" ejaculated Dick, surveying the dog proudly. As he did so, the animal, seeing himself noticed, walked up to Dick, and rubbed himself against the lad familiarly.

"He'll whip any dog in the neighbourhood," said Mr. Acres.

"And you'll give him to me?"

"Oh, yes. I've got too many dogs now."

"Here, Rover! Here, Rover! Here! Here! Here!" cried Dick in an animated tone, starting off. The dog followed quickly, and in a few moments both were out of sight.

"A smart chap that," remarked Mr.

Acres to himself, as Dick bounded away "He'll make something before he dies, I'll warrant."

The possession of the dog and half-dollar, especially the latter, were strongly objected to by Dick's mother.

"How could you, my son, think of robbing a poor bird of her little young ones?" said she seriously and reprovingly.

"But, mother, Mr. Acres wanted me to get him a bird, and of course I could not say 'no.' What would he have thought of me?"

"You never should do wrong for any one."

"But if it had been so very wrong, Mr. Acres never would have asked me to do it, I know," urged Dick.

Mrs. Lawson would have compelled her son to take back the money he had received, if almost any other person in the village but Mr. Acres had been concerned. But he was well off, and influential; and, moreover, was her landlord; and, though

she was behindhand with her rent, he never took the trouble to ask for it. The dog, too, would have been sent back if any one but Mr. Acres had given it to her son. As it was, she contented herself with merely reprimanding Dick for robbing the bird's nest, and enjoining on him not to be guilty of so cruel an act again.

About three days after this event, Dick, accompanied by Rover—now his inseparable companion—met his young friend, Henry Jones, who had with him his father's large house-dog, Bose.

"Whose dog is that?" asked Henry.

"He's mine," replied Dick.

"Yours!"

"Be sure he is."

"Why that is Mr. Acres' Rover."

"Not now he isn't. Mr. Acres gave him to me."

"What did he give him to you for?"

"For getting him a young mocking-bird."

"I thought he promised you half-a-dollar?"

"So he did; and what is more, gave it to me, and Rover into the bargain."

"Well, I wouldn't have robbed a bird's nest for a dozen Rovers," said Henry Jones, warmly.

"Wouldn't you, indeed?" returned Dick, with a sneer.

"No, I would not. It's wicked."

"Oh, you're very pious! But Rover can whip your Bose, anyhow."

"No, he can't, though," replied Henry quickly, who could not bear to hear his father's faithful and favourite old dog's courage called in question.

"Yes, but he can, ten times a day. There, Rover! There, *sck!—sck!—sketch him!*" At the same time pushing Rover against Bose.

Both dogs growled low, and showed their teeth, but that was all.

"Rover's afraid to touch him!" said Henry, a good deal excited.

"No, he is not, though!" returned Dick, his face glowing with interest; and, lifting

up the forefeet of Rover, he threw him full against old Bose, who received the onset with a deep growl and a strong impression of his teeth on Rover.

This brought on the battle. Bose was nine or ten years old, and somewhat worn down by age and hard service, while Rover had numbered but two years, and was full of fire and vigor. Still the victory was not soon decided. During the fight, each of the boys entered into the spirit of the contest almost as much as the dogs. First one would interfere to secure for his favourite the victory, and then the other, until, at last, Dick struck Henry; and then they went at it likewise, and fought nearly as long, and certainly with as much desire to injure each other, as did the dogs themselves. The result was that both Henry and Bose had to yield, and then the parties separated, indulging against each other bitter and angry feelings. But with Dick there was an emotion of cruel delight at having triumphed over his friend. As he

was crossing a field, on his way home, he met Mr. Acres.

"Why, what's the matter with you and Rover?" the farmer asked.

"Rover's had a fight," replied Dick.

"Ah! Who with?"

"Mr. Jones's Bose."

"Well, which whipped?"

"Rover, of course," replied Dick, with a smile of triumph; "and I can make him whip any thing."

"You're a keen chap, Dick," said Mr. Acres, patting the boy on the head, "and are going to make a man one of these days, I see plainly enough. So Rover whipped. I knew there was prime stuff in him."

"There isn't another such a fellow in these 'ere parts," was Dick's proud answer.

"But *you* look a little the worse for wear, as well as Rover. Have you been fighting, too?"

Dick held down his head for a moment, and then looking up into Mr. Acres's face, said—

CRUEL SPORT.

Page 33.

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"Yes, sir," in rather a sheepish way.

"Ah! well, who have you been fighting with?"

"With Harry Jones. He didn't want to give Rover fair play; and once, when he had Bose down, he kicked him."

"And then you kicked him for kicking your dog?"

"Yes, sir."

"That was right. Never permit a friend to be imposed upon. And after that you had a regular fight?"

"Yes, sir."

"Which whipped?"

"I gave him a bloody nose; and shouldn't wonder if he had a black eye into the bargain. And what is more, made him cry 'enough.'"

"That was right. Never fight but in a good cause, and then be sure to whip your man."

"It'll take a smarter boy than Harry Jones to whip me," said Dick proudly.

"And you think Rover can whip any thing about here?"

"Yes, indeed. And I'm going to make him do it, too."

"You'd better not try him against Markland's old Nero."

"He'll whip him in ten minutes."

"I'm not so sure of that. Nero is a great deal bigger and stronger."

"I don't care if he is. I'm learning Rover a trick that'll make him whip a dog twice his size."

"What is that?"

Dick called Rover, and the dog came up to him wagging his tail.

"Give us your paw," said the boy, in a tone of authority.

The dog instantly lifted one of his fore-feet, which Dick took in his hand, and began to squeeze gently at first, and then, by degrees, harder and harder, ejaculating all the while, in a quick distinct tone—"Leg him! leg him! leg him!" until the dog,

from first indicating signs of pain, began to whine, and then to yell out as if in agony. At this, Dick dropped the foot, and looked up into the farmer's face.

"Well, Dick, what does all that mean?" asked Mr. Acres.

"I'm learning him to catch hold of the foot," replied the boy.

"The mischief you are!"

"Yes, sir. And when he's fairly up to it, he can whip any dog, if he's as big as an elephant."

"But can you learn him?"

"I made him catch Jones's Bose by the foot this morning, and it would have done your heart good to have heard him yell. If he isn't lame for a month, then I don't know any thing about it."

"There's no fear of you, I see," was Mr. Acres's encouraging reply to this, again patting Dick on the head.

In about two weeks from that time it was pretty well known through the neighbourhood that Dick Lawson had given out

that he could make his Rover whip Markland's Nero, a noble animal that had never been matched by any dog around. Markland's son felt his pride in his dog touched at this, and challenged Dick to a battle. The time was set, and the place, a neighbouring field, chosen. Old and young seemed to take an interest in the matter, and when the time arrived, and Dick appeared on the ground with his dog, there were assembled, men and boys, at least one hundred persons, and among the rest, Mr. Acres, who began to feel somewhat drawn towards his protegé Dick.

The two dogs were brought forward by the two lads, whose parents knew nothing of the affair, and by pushing them against, and throwing them upon each other, irritated and angered them until they finally went to work in real earnest, greatly to the delight of the lookers-on. Rover fought bravely, but he was evidently no match for his larger and stronger antagonist, who tore him savagely, while he seemed unable

to penetrate Nero's thick yielding skin. The shouts that arose from the group around were all in favour of Nero, who was a general favourite—as he was one of those large, peaceable, benevolent fellows, belieing his name, whom all liked, while there was something of the churl and savage about Rover, that caused him to have but few friends.

The contest had waged about ten minutes, fiercely, and Rover was evidently getting "worsted," when Dick, who had been constantly encouraging his dog, stooped close to his ear, and spoke something in a low, quick, energetic tone.

Instantly Rover crouched down, and darting forward, seized the forepaw of Nero in his mouth, and commenced gnawing it eagerly. The noble animal, thus unexpectedly and basely assailed, found the pain to which he was suddenly subjected so great as to take away all power of resistance. He would not utter a cry, but sat down, and permitted the other dog to gnaw

away at his tender foot without a single sign of suffering. As the cry of pain, the dog's "enough," was to terminate the battle, the fine fellow was permitted thus to suffer for several minutes, before the bystanders came forward and pulled Dick Lawson's dog off. Nero would have died before a sound could have been extorted from him.

As Nero had not cried "enough," Bob Markland contended afterwards that his dog had not been whipped, to settle which difference of opinion he and Dick had several hard battles, in which the latter, like his dog, always came off the victor. The upshot of all these contests was, the expulsion of Dick from the Sabbath-school, into which he carried the bickerings engendered through the week. Another reason for his expulsion was the frequency with which he played truant, and of his having, in several instances, enticed other boys away from the school for the same purpose.

Except Mr. Acres, nearly every man, woman and child in the neighbourhood

sincerely disliked, and some actually hated Dick Lawson, for there was hardly a family some member of which had not been annoyed by him in one form or another. But Mr. Acres liked the spirit of the lad, as well as his thorough independence in regard to the opinion of others.

This man, who had first thrown temptation into the lad's way, and encouraged him to persevere in a conduct which nearly all condemned, was not a wilfully bad man. By most people he was called a good-hearted, benevolent person. The truth was, he was not a wise man. When young, he had indulged in such amusements as catching young birds, fighting dogs and cocks, and attending horse-races, and all the exciting scenes to which he could get access. But none of these things corrupted him so far as to make him a decidedly bad man in the community. As he grew up, he gradually laid aside his boyish follies; saved up his money; bought himself a small farm, and, in time, became quite a sub-

stantial man, so far as worldly goods were concerned.

Contrasted with himself were several lads whose parents had been exceedingly strict with them, and who had, as they grew up, shaken off the trammels of childhood and youth, run into wild extravagances of conduct, and some into wicked and vicious habits, from which they were never reclaimed. Comparing his own case with theirs, his short-sighted conclusion was that boys ought to be allowed as much freedom as possible, and this was why he encouraged Dick, who was an exceedingly bright lad, in the course he had been so willing to pursue. He knew nothing at all of the different hereditary tendencies to evil that exist in the mind. His observation had never led him to see how two persons, raised in precisely the same manner, would turn out very differently—the one proving a good, and the other a bad citizen. His knowledge of human nature, therefore, never for a moment caused him

to suspect, that in encouraging a feeling of cruelty in Dick Lawson, he might be only putting blood upon the tongue of a young lion—that there might be in his mind hereditary tendencies to evil, which encouragement to rob a bird's nest, or to set two dogs to fighting, by one occupying his position and influence, might cause to become so active as to ultimately make him a curse to society.

And such, in a year or two, Dick seemed becoming. He had in that time, although but fourteen years of age, got almost beyond his mother's control. His dog and himself were the terror of nearly all the dogs and boys in the neighbourhood, for both were surly, quarrelsome, and tyrannical. Even Mr. Acres had found it necessary to forbid him to appear on his premises. Rover having temporarily lamed, time after time, every one of his dogs, and Dick having twice beaten two of his black boys, farm-hands, because of some slight offence. To be revenged on him for this,

he robbed a fine apricot-tree of all its fruit, both green and ripe, on the very night before Mr. Acres had promised to send a basket full, the first produced in the neighbourhood that spring, to a friend who was very much esteemed by him.

Though he strongly suspected Dick, yet he had no proof of the fact, and so made no attempt to have him punished.

Shortly after, the boy was apprenticed to a tanner and currier, a severe man, chosen as his master in the hope that his rigid discipline might do something towards reclaiming him. As the tanner had as many dogs as he wanted, he objected to the reception into his yard of Dick's ill-natured cur. But Dick told his mother that, unless Rover were allowed to go with him, he would not go to the trade selected for him. He was resolute in this, and at last Mrs. Lawson persuaded Mr. Skivers, the tanner, to take him, dog and all.

In his new place he did not get along, except for a very short time, without

trouble. At the end of the third month, for neglect of work, bad language, and insolence, but particularly for cruelties practised upon a dog that had gotten the mastery over Rover, Mr. Skivers gave him a most tremendous beating. Dick resisted, and fought with might and main, but he was but a boy, and in the hands of a strong and determined man. For a time this cowed Dick, but in the same ratio that his courage fell when he thought of resisting his master single-handed, rose his bitter hate against him. Skivers was a man who, if he had reason to dislike any one about him, could not let his feelings remain quiescent. He must be doing something all the while to let the victim of his displeasure feel that he was no favourite. Towards Dick, he therefore maintained the most offensive demeanour, and was constantly saying or doing something to chafe the boy's feelings. This was borne as patiently as possible, for he did not again wish to enter into a contention in which

he must inevitably get severely beaten. Skivers was not long in perceiving that the way to punish Dick the most severely was to abuse his dog; and he, therefore, commenced a systematic process of worrying Rover. This Dick could illy bear. Every time his master would drive Rover from the yard, or throw sticks or stones at him, the boy would make a new and more bitter vow of retaliation in some form.

One day, Rover and a large dog belonging to Skivers got into a fight about something. Dick's interest in his dog brought him at once to the scene of action. His master, seeing this, ordered him, in a harsh, angry tone, to clear out and mind his own business. As he did so, he took a large club, and commenced beating Rover in a most cruel manner. Dick could not stand this. His blood was up to fever heat in an instant. Seizing a long, heavy pole, used for turning and adjusting hides in the vats, he sprang towards Skivers, and giving it a rapid sweep, brought it with tremen-

dous force against his head, knocking him into a vat half-full of a strong infusion of astringent bark, to the bottom of which he instantly sank.

So incensed did the lad feel, that he made not the slightest attempt to extricate his master from a situation in which death must have inevitably ensued in a few minutes, but walked away to another part of the yard. Two or three journeymen, however, who witnessed the whole affair, were on the spot in a moment, and took out the body of Skivers. He was completely insensible. There was the bloody mark of a large wound on his head. A physician was immediately called, who bled him profusely. This brought him back to consciousness. In a day or two he was out again, and apparently as well as ever. In the mean time, both Dick and his inseparable companion, Rover, had disappeared, and gone no one knew whither. No effort was made to discover the place to which the boy had fled, as every one was too

much rejoiced that he had left the village, to care about getting him back. About twelve months after, his mother died—her gray hairs brought down to the grave in sorrow. Year after year then passed away, and the memory of the lad was gradually effaced from the minds of all, or retained only among the dim recollections of the past.

Mr. Acres, who had first placed temptation in the way of Dick Lawson, continued to prosper in all external things, and to hold his position of influence and respectability in the neighbourhood. He, perhaps, more than others, thought about the lad in whom he had once felt a good deal of pride and interest, as exhibiting a fair promise for the future. But he never felt exactly easy in mind when he did think of him. Something whispered that, perhaps, he had been to blame in encouraging his wild habits. But, then, how could he have dreamed, he would argue, that the boy had in him so strong a tendency to

evil as the result had proved. He had once been just as fond as Dick had shown himself to be of bird's-nesting, dog-fighting, &c., but then, as soon as he had sown a few wild oats, he sobered down into a steady and thrifty farmer of regular habits. And he of course expected to see Dick Lawson do the same.

"And who knows but that he has?" he would sometimes say, in an effort at self-consolation.

It was some five or six years from the time Dick left the village, that Mr. Acres was awakened one night from sleep by a dream that some one had opened the door of the chamber where he slept. So distinct was the impression on his mind that some one had entered, that he lay perfectly still, with his eyes peering into the darkness around, in order to detect the presence of any one, should the impression on his mind really be true. He had lain thus, with every sense acutely active, for only a moment or two, when a sound, as

of a stealthy footstep, came distinctly upon his ear, and at the same moment, a dark body seemed to move before his eyes, as if crossing the room towards that part of it where stood a large secretary, in which was usually contained considerable sums of money.

Mr. Acres was a brave man, but thus suddenly awakened from sleep to find himself placed in such an emergency, made him tremble. He continued to lie very still, straining his eyes upon the dark moving object intently, until the figure of a man became perfectly distinct. The robber, for such the intruder evidently was, had now reached the secretary, where he stood for a few moments, quietly endeavouring to open it. Finding it locked, he moved off, and passed around the room, feeling every chair and table that came in his way. This Mr. Acres could now distinctly perceive, as his eyes had become used to the feeble light reflected from the starry sky without. At last his hands came in

contact with a chair upon which the farmer had laid his clothes on disrobing himself for bed. These seemed to be the objects of his search, for he paused with a quick eager movement, and commenced searching the ample pockets of a large waistcoat. The slight jingle of the farmer's bunch of keys soon explained the movement. Before the robber had fairly gotten back to the secretary, Mr. Acres's courage had returned, and with it no small share of indignation. He rose up silently, but, unfortunately, as his foot touched the floor, it came in contact with a chair, which was thrown over with a loud noise. Before he could reach a large cane, for which he was making, a heavy blow from the robber laid him senseless.

When again conscious, Mr. Acres found himself still in total darkness. On attempting to move, there was an instant, almost intolerable pain in his head, as if from a violent blow. On lifting his hand and placing it upon the spot where the

pain seemed most severe, it came in contact with a cold, slimy mass of what he at once knew to be blood. His first effort to rise was accompanied by a feeling of faintness, that caused him to stretch himself again upon the floor, where he lay for some time endeavouring to collect his scattered senses. After he had fully comprehended the meaning of his alarming situation, he made another and more successful effort to rise. Sitting up in the middle of the room, and straining his eyes into the darkness, he began to see more and more distinctly each moment. He was soon satisfied that he was alone. It did not take long after this to arouse the whole house. An examination resulted in ascertaining the fact that his secretary had been robbed of five hundred dollars in gold.

By daylight, the whole neighbourhood was aroused, and some twenty or thirty men were in hot pursuit of the robber, who was arrested about twenty miles away from the village and brought back. The

money taken from the secretary of Mr. Acres, was found upon his person, and fully identified. The man proved to be quite young, seeming to have passed but recently beyond the limit of minority. But even young as he was, there was a look of cruel and hardened villany about him, and an expression of settled defiance of all consequences. He gave his name as Frederick Hildich. A brief examination resulted in his committal to await the result of a trial for burglary at the next court.

The day of trial at length came. The action of the court was brief, as no defence was set up, and the proof of the crime clear and to the point. During the progress of the trial, the prisoner seemed to take little interest in what was going on around him, but sat in the bar, with his head down, seemingly lost in deep abstraction of mind. At the conclusion of the proceedings, when the court asked what he had to say why the sentence of the law should not be pronounced upon him, the

prisoner slowly arose to his feet, lifted his head, glanced calmly around for a few moments, until his eyes rested upon Mr. Acres, whom he regarded for some time with a fixed, penetrating, and meaning look. Then, turning to the Bench, he said in a firm, distinct voice:

"Your Honour—Although I have nothing to urge against the execution of the laws by which I am condemned, I would yet crave the privilege of making a few remarks, which may, perhaps, be useful. The principal witness against me is Mr. Acres,—and upon his testimony, mainly, so far as positive proof goes, I am convicted of a crime, the commission of which I have no particular reason for wishing to deny. But, if I have wronged him, how far more deeply has he wronged me. If I have robbed him of a few paltry dollars, he has robbed me of that which he can never restore, either here or hereafter. In a word, your honour, I stand here, in the presence of this court, and the people of

this town, and charge upon that man (pointing to Acres) the cause of my present condition. My real name is Richard Lawson!"

As he said this, the prisoner's voice failed him, and he paused for a few moments, overcome with emotion. A universal exclamation of surprise passed through the court-room, and there was scarcely an individual present who did not wonder why he had not discovered this fact for himself long before. For, sure enough, it was Dick Lawson, and no one else, who stood there humbled under the iron hand of the law. As for Mr. Acres, he became instantly pale and agitated—and when the prisoner again looked up and fixed his eyes upon him, his own fell to the floor, as if he were conscience-stricken.

"To that man," resumed the individual, at the bar, pointing steadily toward the farmer, "as I just said, am I indebted for my ruin. A wild, but innocent boy, he first led me into conscious wrong, by

tempting me with money to rob a bird's nest. The young mocking-bird was procured for him, but at the expense of a violated conscience; for a voice within me spoke loudly against the act of cruelty about to be practised upon the mother-bird and her young. But I stifled that inward monitor, and stilled the voice that urged me to depart not from the path of innocence. I saw that the act was a cruel one, and felt that it was a cruel one—but to be asked to do even a wrong act by a man to whom I looked up, as I then did to Mr. Acres, was to rob the wrong act of more than half of its apparent evil—and so I performed the cruel deed, small as it was, deliberately. From the moment I took the young bird in my hand, all my scruples were gone, and after that it was one of my greatest pleasures to rob birds' nests, and to kill the older birds with stones. My dog Rover, who is no doubt as well remembered as myself, was given me by Mr. Acres, and I was, moreover, encouraged by

that individual to make Rover fight, and to fight myself, whenever it came in the way. Had he discouraged this in me; had he told me that fighting was wrong, his precept for good would have been as powerful as his precept for evil. He was kind to me, and had gained my entire confidence, and could have made almost any thing of me. My cruel, tyrannizing temper, thus encouraged, grew rapidly, until at last I took no delight in any good. Finally expelled from the Sabbath-school, and persecuted for my ill-behaviour and annoyance of almost every one, I became reckless, and finally left this neighbourhood. Five or six years of evil brought me at last into a strait. I could not gain even a common livelihood. I must starve or beg. In this state I thought of my corrupter—of the man who had been the cause of my wretchedness, and I resolved that he should, at least, pay some small penalty for what he had done. In a word, I resolved to rob him—and did so. And

now I stand here to await the sentence of the law for this crime."

The prisoner then suffered his head to fall upon his bosom, and sank slowly into the seat from which he had arisen. A profound and oppressive silence reigned through the court-room, broken at last by the judge, who said—

"Richard Lawson, *alias* Frederick Hildich, stand up, and receive the sentence of the law."

The prisoner arose, and looked the judge steadily in the face, while a sentence of imprisonment in the penitentiary for three years was pronounced upon him in a voice of assumed sternness.

When the unfortunate man was removed by an officer, the crowd slowly withdrew, conversing in low, subdued voices, and Mr. Acres turned his step homeward, the unhappiest man of all who had stood that day in the presence of offended justice.

And here we must leave the parties most concerned in the events of our brief

story—Richard Lawson to fill up the term of his imprisonment in the penitentiary; and Mr. Acres to muse, in painful abstraction, over the ruin his thoughtlessness had wrought—the ruin of an immortal soul—the corruption of a fellow creature, born to become an angel of heaven, but changed by his agency into a fit subject for the abodes of evil spirits in hell.

THE MEANS OF ENJOYMENT.

ONE of the most successful merchants of his day was Mr. Alexander. In trade he had amassed a large fortune, and now, in the sixtieth year of his age, he concluded that it was time to cease getting and begin the work of enjoying. Wealth had always been regarded by him as a means of happiness; but, so fully had his mind been occupied in business, that, until the present time, he had never felt himself at leisure to make a right use of the means in his hands.

So Mr. Alexander retired from business in favour of his son and son-in-law. And now was to come the reward of his long

"OH! I WISH I HAD A DOLLAR."

Page 67.

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years of labour. Now were to come repose, enjoyment, and the calm delights of which he had so often dreamed. But it so happened, that the current of thought and affection which had flowed on so long and steadily, was little disposed to widen into a placid lake. The retired merchant must yet have some occupation. His had been a life of purposes, and plans for their accomplishment: and he could not change the nature of this life. His heart was still the seat of desire, and his thought obeyed, instintively, the heart's affection.

So Mr. Alexander used a portion of his wealth in various ways, in order to satisfy the ever-active desire of his heart for something beyond what he had in possession. But, it so happened, that the moment an end was gained—the moment the bright ideal became a fixed and present fact, its power to delight the mind was gone.

Mr. Alexander had some taste for the arts. Many fine pictures already hung

upon his walls. Knowing this, a certain picture-broker threw himself in his way, and, by adroit management and skilful flattery, succeeded in turning the pent-up and struggling current of the old gentleman's feelings and thoughts in this direction. The picture-dealer soon found that he had opened a new and profitable mine. Mr. Alexander had only to see a fine work of art to desire its possession; and to desire was to have. It was not long before his house was a gallery of pictures.

Was he any happier? Did these pictures afford him a pure and perennial source of enjoyment? No; for, in reality, Mr. Alexander's taste for the arts was not a passion of his mind. He did not love the beautiful for its own sake. The delight he experienced when he looked upon a fine painting was mainly the desire of possession; and satiety soon followed possession.

One morning Mr. Alexander repaired alone to his library, where, on the day before, had been placed a new painting,

recently imported by his friend the picture-dealer. It was exquisite as a work of art, and the biddings for its had been high. But he succeeded in securing it for the sum of two thousand dollars. Before he was certain of getting this picture, Mr. Alexander would linger before it, and study out its beauties with a delighted appreciation. Nothing in his collection was deemed comparable therewith. Strangely enough, after it was hung upon the walls of his library, he did not stand before it for as long a space as five minutes; and then his thoughts were not upon its beauties. During the evening that followed, the mind of Mr. Alexander was less in repose than usual. After having completed his purchase of the picture, he had overheard two persons, who were considered good judges of art, speaking of its defects, which were minutely indicated. They likewise gave it as their opinion that the painting was not worth a thousand dollars. This was throwing cold water on his enthusiasm. It

seemed as if a vail had suddenly been drawn from before his eyes. Now, with a clearer vision, he could see faults, where before every defect was thrown into shadow by an all-obscuring beauty.

On the next morning, as we have said, Mr. Alexander entered his library, to take another look at his purchase. He did not feel very happy. Many thousands of dollars had he spent in order to secure the means of self-gratification; but the end was not yet gained.

A glance at the new picture sufficed, and then Mr. Alexander turned from it with an involuntary sigh. Was it to look at other pictures? No. He crossed his hands behind him, bent his eyes upon the floor, and, for the period of half an hour, walked slowly backwards and forwards in his library. There was a pressure on his feelings—he knew not why; a sense of disappointment and dissatisfaction.

No purpose was in the mind of Mr. Alexander when he turned from his library,

and, drawing on his overcoat, passed forth to the street. It was a bleak winter morning, and the muffled passengers hurried shivering on their way.

"Oh! I wish I had a dollar."

These words, in the voice of a child, and spoken with impressive earnestness, fell suddenly upon the ears of Mr. Alexander, as he moved along the pavement. Something in the tone reached the old man's feelings, and he partly turned himself to look at the speaker. She was a little girl, not over eleven years of age, and in company with a lad some year or two older. Both were coarsely clad.

"What would you do with a dollar, sis?" replied the boy.

"I'd buy brother William a pair of nice gloves, and a comforter, and a pair of rubber shoes. That's what I'd do with it. He has to go away so early, in the cold, every morning; and he's 'most perished, I know, sometimes. Last night his feet were soaking with wet. His shoes are not good;

and mother says she hasn't money to buy him a new pair just now. Oh, I wish I had a dollar!"

Instinctively Mr. Alexander's hand was in his pocket, and a moment after, a round, bright silver dollar glittered in that of the girl.

But little farther did Mr. Alexander extend his walk. As if by magic, the hue of his feelings had changed. The pressure on his heart was gone, and its fuller pulses sent the blood bounding and frolicking along every expanding artery. He thought not of pictures nor possessions. All else was obscured by the bright face of the child, as she lifted to his her innocent eyes, brimming with grateful tears.

One dollar spent unselfishly brought more real pleasure than thousands parted with in the pursuit of merely selfish gratification. And the pleasure did not fade with the hour, nor the day. That one truly benevolent act, impulsive as it had been, touched a sealed spring of enjoyment,

and the waters that gushed instantly forth continued to flow unceasingly.

Homeward the old man returned, and again he entered his library. Choice works of art were all around him, purchased as a means of enjoyment. They had cost thousands,—yet did not afford him a tithe of the pleasure he had secured by the expenditure of a single dollar. He could turn from them with a feeling of satiety; not so from the image of the happy child whose earnestly expressed wish he had gratified.

And not alone on the pleasure of the child did the thoughts of Mr. Alexander linger. There came before his imagination another picture. He saw a poorly furnished room, in which were an humble, toiling widow, and her children. It is keen and frosty without; and her eldest boy has just come home from his work, shivering with cold. While he is warming himself by the fire, his little sister presents him with the comforter, the thick gloves, and the overshoes, which his benevolence had

enabled her to buy. What surprise and pleasure beam in the lad's face! How happy looks the sister! How full of a subdued and thankful pleasure is the mother's countenance!

And for weeks and months did Mr. Alexander gaze, at times, upon this picture, and always with a warmth and lightness of heart unfelt when other images arose in his mind and obscured it.

And for a single dollar was all this obtained, while thousands and thousands were spent in the fruitless effort to buy happiness.

Strange as it may seem, Mr. Alexander did not profit by this lesson—grew no wiser by this experience. The love of self was too strong for him to seek the good of others—to bless both himself and his fellows by a wise and generous use of the ample means which Providence had given into his hands. He still buys pictures and works of art, but the picture in his imagination, which cost but a single dollar, is

gazed at with a far purer and higher pleasure than he receives from his entire gallery of paintings and statues.

If Mr. Alexander will not drink from the sweet spring of true delight that has gushed forth at his feet, and in whose clear waters the sun of heavenly love is mirrored, we hoped that others, wiser than he, will bend to its overflowing brim, and take of its treasures freely. Some one has beautifully said—"We only possess what we have bestowed." Something of the meaning of this will be understood by such of our young readers as have perused this story thoughtfully. Benevolent actions ever bring their own reward. Far more happiness is gained in seeking to bless others, than ever comes from efforts to secure merely our own good. God, who is infinitely good and wise, and from whom comes all true happiness, is ever seeking to bless others. If we would truly enjoy life, we must be like Him.

MAN'S JUDGMENT.

"I WOULDN'T give much for his chance of heaven!" was the remark of a man, whose coarse, well-worn garments contrasted strongly with the dark, rich broadcloth of the person to whom he referred. In the tones of the individual who uttered this sentence was a clearly apparent satisfaction at the thought of his rich neighbour's doubtful chance of admission into heaven. It was on the Sabbath, and both had just passed forth from the sacred edifice, to which each had that morning gone up for the avowed object of worship.

"Why do you say that?" asked the friend to whom the remark was addressed.

"You know the Scriptures," was the confident answer. 'How hardly shall they who have riches enter the kingdom of heaven.'"

"You believe, then, that the mere fact of possessing riches will keep a man out of heaven?"

"No; I wouldn't just like to say that. But, riches harden the heart, and make men unfit for heaven."

"I doubt if riches harden the heart more than poverty," was replied.

"How can you say so?" was warmly objected. "Isn't the promise everywhere to the poor? To whom was the gospel sent?"

"The rich and poor spoken of in the word of God," said the friend, "do not, it is plain, mean simply those in the world who possess natural riches, or who are in natural poverty. Remember, that the Bible is a revelation of heavenly truth, for man's eternal salvation; and that its teachings must have primary regard to what is spiritual, and refer to man's internal state

rather than to his mere wordly condition. Remember, that the Lord, while on earth, said, *Blessed are the poor in spirit*, (not the poor in this world's goods,) *for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.* And we may, without violence to even the letter of the word, conclude that when He speaks of its being hard for the rich to enter the kingdom of heaven, that only the proud in spirit, those who rested self-confident on the riches of their worldly and natural wisdom, were meant. That it would be easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for such rich men to enter heaven, is plain from our Lord's words when he set a child in the midst of his disciples, and told them that, unless they became as that little child, they could not enter the kingdom of heaven. Not externally and naturally as that child, for that was impossible; but poor in spirit, teachable, and innocent as a child."

The first speaker, whose name was Maxwell, tossed his head, and slightly curled his lip as he replied—

"I believe just what the Bible says. As for your forced meanings, I never go to them. A plain matter-of-fact man, I understand what is written in a plain, matter-of-fact way. The Bible says that they who have riches shall hardly enter the kingdom of heaven. And I can see how true the saying is. As for Clinton, of whom I spoke just now, I repeat that I wouldn't give much for his chance. It is well that there is a just God in heaven, and that there will come a day of retribution. The Diveses have their good things in this life; but our turn will come afterwards. We sha'n't be always poor. Lazarus went, a beggar, from the rich man's door, and was received into Abraham's bosom."

"What has made you so bitter against Clinton, just now?" inquired the friend.

"I'm not bitter against him in particular—I speak of rich men as a class. They are all selfish, unfeeling, and oppressive. Look at the good Clinton might do, as a steward of God's bounty, if he chose. He

might make our wilderness blossom as the rose. But settlement-day will come, ere long, and then a sorry account of his stewardship will he have to render."

"How do you know that the account will not be approved in heaven?" was asked in a quiet voice.

"Approved? How do I know?" ejaculated Maxwell, impatiently. "Any man can see that he is an unfaithful, hard-hearted, and oppressive steward."

"Has he oppressed you?"

"Yes."

"Ah! I was not aware of that. I didn't know that you had any claims upon him as an almoner of heaven."

"My claims are those of common humanity. But you shall know all, and judge for yourself. I am a poor man"——

"Well"——

"With a wife and four children, whom I love as tenderly as Clinton, or any other purse-proud oppressor of the poor can possibly love his wife and children. They are

dependent for daily bread upon my daily labour. With the sweat of my brow, I keep hunger from my door, and cold from entering therein."

"An independent man," said the other.

"Yes, an independent man; as independent as any nabob in the land."

"Do let the nabobs alone," was smilingly answered to this. "If you are independent, why care for them? Why permit yourself to be fretted because others are blessed by Providence with a greater abundance of worldly goods? There is danger, in this thing, of going beyond the nabobs, and arraigning the wisdom of Him who setteth up whom he will, and whose bounty feeds even the young ravens. So go on with your story. What is the crime that Mr. Clinton has committed against you and humanity?"

"I am a poor man, as I said."

"I know you are; a hard-working, industrious, but poor man."

"And as such, entitled to some consideration."

"Entitled to a fair return for your labour, in all cases."

"Of course I am; and to some favour, in the distribution of employment, when I present equal capacity with those who are less needy than myself."

"What do you mean by that?"

"A plain story makes all plain. Well: you are aware that Mr. Clinton is about building a new dam for his mills?"

"I am."

"And that he asked for proposals?"

"Yes."

"I tried to get the contract."

"You!" There was more surprise in this ejaculation than the friend had meant to convey.

"Certainly! Why not?" was petulantly remarked.

"Of course you had a perfect right to do so?"

"Of course I had; and of course my bid, though the lowest, was thrown out, and the bid of Jackson, who manages to monopolize every thing in the village, taken. He and Clinton are leagued together, and the offer for proposals was only a sham."

"That's assuming a good deal, friend Maxwell."

"No, it isn't. It's the truth, and nothing else but the truth. He's the jackall, and Clinton's the lion."

"You speak without reflection," said the friend, mildly.

"I'm not blind. I see how things are worked."

"You say your bid was lower than Jackson's? How do you know this? I thought his bid was not publicly known."

"I knew it; and, in fact, knew what it was to be before I sent in my proposals, and was, therefore, able to go below it. The truth is, I managed, between you and I, to find out just what every man was going to bid, and then struck a mark below

them all, to make sure of the job. I wanted a chance, and was determined to have it at all hazards."

"I hardly think your mode of procedure was fair," said the friend; "but waiving that, could you have made any thing by the job, at your bidding?"

"Oh, yes, I'd have made something—more, a good deal, than I can make by day's work. The fact is, I set my heart on that job as a stepping stone to contract work; and am bitterly disappoiuted at its loss. Much good may it do both Jackson and Clinton. I shouldn't be much sorry to see the new dam swept away by the next freshet."

"Why, Maxwell! This is not the spirit of a Christian man. Envy, malice—these are what the Bible condemns in the plainest terms; and for these sins, the poor have quite as much to answer for as the rich—and perhaps more. If you go from church on the Sabbath with no better thoughts than these, I fear you are quite as far from

the Kingdom of Heaven as you have supposed Mr. Clinton to be."

"Good day," said Maxwell, turning off abruptly from his friend, and taking a path that led by a nearer course than the one in which they were walking, to his home.

A few weeks later, the person with whom Maxwell thus conversed, had occasion to transact some business with Mr. Clinton. He had rendered him a bill for work done, and called to receive payment.

"You've made a mistake in your bill, Mr. Lee," said Clinton.

"Ah? Are you certain?"

"You can examine for yourself. I find an error of twenty dollars in the additions."

"Then you only owe me sixty dollars?" said Lee, with a disappointment in his tones that he could not conceal.

"Rather say that I owe you a hundred, for the mistake is in your favour. The first column in the bill adds up fifty, instead of thirty dollars."

"Let me examine it." Lee took the bill,

and added up the column three times before he felt entirely satisfied. Then he said,

"So it does! Well, I should never have been the wiser if you had only paid me the eighty dollars called for by the bill. You might have retained your advantage with perfect safety."

Lee said this on the impulse of the moment. He instantly saw a change in Mr. Clinton's countenance, as if he were slightly offended.

"Oh, no; not with safety," was gravely replied.

"I never should have found it out."

"But there is coming a day, with every man, when the secrets of his heart will stand revealed. If not now, it would then appear that I had wronged you out of twenty dollars."

"True! true! But all men don't think of this."

"No one is more fully aware of that than I am. It is for me, however, to live in the

present so as not to burden my future with shame and repentance. Knowingly, Mr. Lee, I would not wrong any man out of a single dollar. I may err, and do err, like other men; for, to err is human."

After the expression of such sentiments, Lee felt curious to know what Mr. Clinton thought of, and how he felt towards Maxwell. So he said, after referring to the new mill-dam in the process of erection—

"You didn't take the lowest bid for its construction."

"I took the lowest competent bid."

"Then you do not think Maxwell competent to do the work?"

"I do not think him a man to be trusted, and, therefore, would not have given him the contract for such a piece of work at any price. You are aware that the giving way of that dam would almost inevitably involve a serious loss of life and property among the poor people who live along the course of the stream below. I must regard their safety before any pecuniary advan-

tage to myself; and have given Mr. Jackson, who has the contract, positive instructions to exceed his estimates, if necessary, in order to put the question of safety beyond a doubt. I know him to be a man whom I can trust. But I have no confidence in Maxwell."

"A good reason why you declined giving him the job."

"I think so."

"Maxwell was greatly disappointed."

"I know he has spoken very hard against me. But that avails nothing. My principle of action is to do right, and let others think and say what they please. No man is my judge. Maxwell is not, probably, aware that I know him thoroughly, and that I have thrown as much in his way as I could safely do. He is not, of course, aware, that one of my sons overheard him, in reference to this very mill-dam, say—'I'm bound to have that contract whether or no. I have learned the lowest bid, and have put in a bid still

lower.' 'How did you learn this?' was asked of him. 'No matter,' he answered, 'I have learned it.' 'You can't go lower and build the dam safely,' was said. To which he replied—'I can build the dam, and make a good profit. As to the safety, I'll leave that in the hands of Providence. He'll take care of the poor people below.' Mr. Lee! I felt an inward shudder when this was repeated to me. I could not have believed the man so void of common honesty and common humanity. Was I not right to withhold from him such a contract?"

"You would have been no better than Maxwell, if you had given it to him," was answered. "And yet, this same man speaks against the rich, and thinks their chance of heaven a poor one."

"Simply because they are rich."

"Or, it might with more truth be said, because they will not yield to his covetous and envious spirit. He is not content with the equivalent society renders back to him

for the benefit he confers, but wants to share what of right belongs to others."

"That spirit I have often seen him manifest," was replied. "Well, if simple riches are a bar to man's entrance into heaven, how much more so are discontent, envy, malice, hatred, and a selfish disregard for the rights and well-being of others. The rich have their temptations, and so have the poor, and neither will enter heaven, unless they overcome in temptation, and receive a purified love of their neighbour. This at least is my doctrine."

"Of the two, I would rather take Clinton's chance of heaven," said Lee to himself, as he went musing away, "even if he is a rich man."

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ANOTHER DEBT PAID.

Page 95.

WHAT FIVE DOLLARS PAID.

MR. HERRIOT was sitting in his offiec, one day, when a lad entered, and handed him a small slip of paper. It was a bill for five dollars, due to his shoemaker, a poor man who lived in the next square.

"Tell Mr. Grant that I will settle this soon. It isn't just convenient to-day."

The boy retired.

Now, Mr. Herriot had a five-dollar bill in his pocket; but, he felt as if he couldn't part with it. He didn't like to be entirely out of money. So, acting from this im pulse, he had sent the boy away. Very still sat Mr. Herriot for the next five minutes; yet his thoughts were busy. He

was not altogether satisfied with himself. The shoemaker was a poor man, and needed his money as soon as earned—he was not unadvised of this fact.

"I wish I had sent him the five dollars," said Mr. Herriot, at length, half-audibly. "He wants it worse than I do."

He mused still further.

"The fact is," he at length exclaimed, starting up, "it is Grant's money, and not mine; and what is more, he shall have it."

So saying, Herriot took up his hat and left his office.

"Did you get the money, Charles," said Grant, as his boy entered the shop. There was a good deal of earnestness in the shoemaker's tones.

"No, sir," replied the lad.

"Didn't get the money!"

"No, sir."

"Wasn't Mr. Herriot in?"

"Yes, sir; but he said it wasn't convenient to-day."

"Oh, dear! I'm sorry!" came from the shoemaker, in a depressed voice.

A woman was sitting in Grant's shop when the boy came in; she had now risen, and was leaning on the counter; a look of disappointment was in her face.

"It can't be helped, Mrs. Lee," said Grant. "I was sure of getting the money from him. He never disappointed me before. Call in to-morrow, and I will try and have it for you."

The woman looked troubled as well as disappointed. Slowly she turned away and left the shop. A few minutes after her departure, Herriot came in, and, after some words of apology, paid the bill.

"Run and get this note changed into silver for me," said the shoemaker to his boy, the moment his customer had departed.

"Now," said he, so soon as the silver was placed in his hands, "take two dollars to Mrs. Lee, and three to Mr. Weaver across the street. Tell Mr. Weaver that I am

obliged to him for having loaned me the money this morning, and sorry that I hadn't as much in the house when he sent for it an hour ago."

"I wish I had it, Mrs. Elder. But, I assure you that I have not," said Mr. Weaver, the tailor. "I paid out the last dollar just before you came in. But call in to-morrow, and you shall have the money to a certainty."

"But what I am to do to-day? I haven't a cent to bless myself with; and I owe so much at the grocer's, where I deal, that he won't trust me for any thing more."

The tailor looked troubled, and the woman lingered. Just at this moment the shoemaker's boy entered.

"Here are the three dollars Mr. Grant borrowed of you this morning," said the lad. "He says he's sorry he hadn't the money when you sent for it awhile ago.'

How the faces of the tailor and his needlewoman brightened instantly, as if a gleam of sunshine had penetrated the room.

"Here is just the money I owe you," said the former, in a cheerful voice, and he handed the woman the three dollars he had received. A moment after and he was alone, but with the glad face of the poor woman, whose need he had been able to supply, distinct before him.

Of the three dollars received by the needlewoman two went to the grocer, on account of her debt to him, half a dollar was paid to an old and needy coloured woman who had earned it by scrubbing, and who was waiting for Mrs. Weaver's return from the tailor's to get her due, and thus be able to provide an evening's and a morning's meal for herself and children. The other half-dollar was paid to the baker when he called towards evening to leave the accustomed loaf. Thus the poor needlewoman had been able to discharge four debts, and, at the same time re-establish her credit with the grocer and baker, from whom came the largest portion of the food consumed in her little family.

And now let us follow Mrs. Lee. On her arrival at home empty-handed, from her visit to the shoemaker, who owed her two dollars for work, she found a young girl, in whose pale face were many marks of suffering and care, awaiting her return.

The girl's countenance brightened as she came in; but there was no answering brightness in the countenance of Mrs. Lee, who immediately said—

"I'm very sorry, Harriet, but Mr. Grant put me off until to-morrow. He said he hadn't a dollar in the house."

The girl's disappointment was very great, for the smile she had forced into life instantly faded, and was succeeded by a look of deep distress.

"Do you want the money very badly?" asked Mrs. Lee, in a low, half-choked voice, for the sudden change in the girl's manner had affected her.

"Oh, yes, ma'am, very badly. I left Mary wrapped up in my thick shawl, and a blanket wound all around her feet to

keep them warm; but she was coughing dreadfully from the cold air of the room."

"Haven't you a fire?" asked Mrs. Lee, in a quick, surprised tone.

"We have no coal. It was to buy coal that I wanted the money."

Mrs. Lee struck her hands together, and an expression of pain was about passing her lips, when the door of the room opened, and the shoemaker's boy came in.

"Here are two dollars. Mr. Grant sent them."

"God bless Mr. Grant!" The exclamation from Mrs. Lee was involuntary.

On the part of Harriet, to whom one dollar was due, a gush of silent tears marked the effect this timely supply of money produced. She received her portion, and, without trusting her voice with words, hurried away to supply the pressing want at home.

A few doors from the residence of Mrs. Lee lived a man who, some months before, had become involved in trouble with an evil-disposed person, and been forced to de-

fend himself by means of the law. He had employed Mr. Herriot to do what was requisite in the case, for which service the charge was five dollars. The bill had been rendered a few days before, and the man, who was poor, felt very anxious to pay it. He had the money all made up to within a dollar. That dollar Mrs. Lee owed him, and she had promised to give it to him during this day. For hours he had waited, expecting her to come in; but now had nearly given her up. There was another little bill of three dollars which had been sent in to him, and he had just concluded to go and pay that, when Mrs. Lee called with the balance of the money, one dollar, which she had received from the shoemaker, Grant.

Half an hour later, and the pocket-book of Mr. Herriot was no longer empty. His client had called and paid his bill. The five dollars had come back to him.

LOOK AT T'OTHER SIDE.

"I DON'T like Mr. Monto at all," said Mr. Jones.

"Nor I," replied Mrs. Mayberry.

"Take him for better or worse," added Mr. Lee, "and I think he is the strangest and most inconsistent man I ever saw."

"Inconsistent!" resumed Mr. Jones. "He is worse than inconsistent. Inconsistencies may be pardoned, as constitutional defects and peculiarities of character. But he is worse than inconsistent, as I said."

"Yes, that he is," chimed in Mrs. Mayberry. "What do you think I heard of him last week?"

"What?" said Mr. Jones.

"Yes, what did you hear?" asked Mrs. Lee.

"You know Mr. Barker?"

"Yes."

"There isn't a more gentlemanly man living than Mr. Barker."

"Well, what of him?"

"He was in Mr. Monto's store one day last week, and happened to say something the little man did not like, when he fired up and insulted him most grossly."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. Mr. Barker told me himself. He said he was never more hurt in his life."

"He left the store, of course."

"Oh, yes. He turned on his heel and walked out, and says he will never darken the door of Monto's store again."

"It is too bad, this habit of insulting people which Monto has. I know several persons who are hot as fire against him."

"If there were nothing worse about him than that," said Mr. Jones, "I would be glad. His conduct towards the young man he raised was unpardonable."

"What was that? I never heard about it," remarked Mr. Lee.

"He had a young man whom he had raised from a lad, and who, it is said, was always faithful to his interests. Toward the last he became wild, having fallen into bad company. If Monto had been patient and forbearing toward him, the young man might have been reclaimed from his error; but his irascibility and impatience with every thing that did not go by square and rule, caused him to deal harshly with faults that needed a milder corrective. The young man, of course, grew worse. At last he got himself into a difficulty, and was arrested. Bail was demanded for his appearance to stand a trial for misconduct and breach of law. Monto was sent for to go his bail; but he heartlessly refused, and the poor fellow was thrown into prison, where he lay four months, and was then, after a trial, dismissed with a reprimand from the court. Feeling himself disgraced by confinement in a jail, he enlisted in

the army as soon as he got free, and has gone off to the Indian country in the West. Isn't it melancholy? The ruin of that young man lies at Monto's door. His blood is on the skirts of his garments!"

"Dreadful to think of! Isn't it?" said Mrs. Mayberry. "Just imagine my son or your son thus cruelly dealt by! A fiend in human shape couldn't have done more!"

"It'll come back upon him one of these days. I believe in retribution. No man can do such things with impunity," added Mr. Lee. "Mark my words for it—Monto will repent of this, as well as a good many other acts of his life, before he dies."

"He's the meanest man I ever saw," said Mr. Jones. "I don't believe he ever gave a dollar for charitable purposes in his life."

"You may possibly err, there," remarked a fourth in the company, who had not before spoken.

"I should like to see the man, Mr. Berry, who can point to a benevolent act of

Monto's," returned Mr. Jones in a decided voice.

"Perhaps," said Mr. Berry, "if we were as willing to look at the other side of men's characters, we should not entertain the poor opinion of them we do. If we were to look as closely at the good as we do at the bad, we might find, perhaps, as much to praise as we do to blame. When I was a boy, I had a penny given to me, and was about buying a large, seemingly fine apple, when my brother said in a warning voice, 'Look at t'other side.' I did look, and found it rotten. When I became a man, I remembered the lesson, and determined that I would not be deceived by fair appearances of character, but would be careful to look at t'other side for blemishes. I saw enough of these, even in the best, to sicken me with mankind. A few years passed, and I was glad to change my habit of observation. I began to look at the other and brighter side. The result surprised and pleased me. I found more good in men

than I had supposed. Even in the worst there were some redeeming qualities."

"You will find few in Monto," said Mr. Lee.

"Do you see that man on the other side of the street?" asked Mr. Berry.

"Who? Miller?"

"Yes; that's the one I mean. I'll call him over, if you have no objection, and ask him a question or two. I think he can say something bearing on the subject of our present discourse."

The man was called, and he came over and entered the store of Mr. Jones, where the conversation happened to occur.

"Good morning, Miller! How are you to-day?" said Mr. Berry.

"Good morning! You've quite a party here. All friends, I see."

"We seem to have met by one of those happy accidents that sometimes occur. How are you getting along now, Miller? You've been through some pretty tight places, I believe."

"Yes; and, thanks to a good Providence! I am through them with a whole skin."

"Cause for congratulation, certainly. We meet with some hard rubs in our journey through life."

"Indeed we do. Adverse circumstances try us severely, and try our friends also. It has been so in my case. I thought I had a good many friends, until trouble came; but, as you know, there were few to stand by me when I most needed support."

"But you met with friends?"

"Yes, friends in need, who are friends indeed."

"And they were among those who had made no professions, and upon whom you did not feel that you had any claims?"

"Exactly so. This was particularly the case in one instance. Through losses, mistakes, and from errors on account of which I do not attempt to excuse myself, my business became embarrassed. What little real estate I had was thrown into market and sacrificed, but this did not

meet my necessities. In the hope of weathering the storm, I removed from the handsome store I occupied into one at half the rent, reduced all expenses both in my business and family, but still I was not able, without the most untiring exertions, to meet my payments. More than half my time I was on the street, engaged in temporary expedients to raise money. I was harassed to death, and in daily dread of failure. In this unhappy posture of my affairs, I tried to get some permanent assistance from friends who were able enough to afford it, and who knew me well. But they were all afraid to risk any thing.

"One day I had been out from nine o'clock until two, using my best efforts to obtain sufficient money to meet my notes. I had a thousand dollars to pay, and could only thus far raise five hundred. Everywhere that I could think of going I went, but no one would help me through my difficulty. Dispirited and alarmed at the perilous position of my affairs, I returned

to my store, in order to sit down and reflect for a few minutes. I thought over all my business acquaintance, but there were none upon whom I had not already called, that I felt free to ask for the loan of money. Things seemed desperate. Something must be done, or I would be ruined. Already the finger of time was past the mark of two. In less than an hour my paper would be dishonoured, unless I could in some way command the sum of five hundred dollars. I thought, and thought, until I felt stupid. At last a man whom I had never liked much came up before my mind. I had some little acquaintance with him, and knew, or supposed, that he had money. The idea of going to him I would not at first entertain. But things were desperate. At last I started up, determined to see this man.

"'He can but refuse me,' I murmured to myself.

"'It is past two o'clock,' said I abruptly, as I met him standing at his counter, 'and

I am still five hundred dollars short. Can you lend me that sum for a few days?'

"I expected him to say 'no.' What was my surprise then to hear him reply—

"'I can, and with pleasure.'

"I could hardly believe my ears. But by the assistance of my eyes, when he put a check for the amount I had asked for into my hands, I was fully assured that he was in earnest. I don't know that I ever stopped to thank him, so overjoyed was I at such unexpected and cheerfully tendered relief. Three or four days afterward I took him the money he had loaned me.

"'Keep it longer, if you desire to do so. I have no present use for it,' said he.

"I hardly knew whether to take him at his word or not. But necessity is an eloquent pleader.

"'If you can spare it as well as not, it will be an accommodation. My payments are heavy in the next ten days,' I replied.

"'Retain the use of it and welcome,' said he kindly. After a pause, he inquired

how I was getting along, and did it with so much sincerity that I was tempted to state frankly the position of my affairs, and did so. He listened with a good deal of interest, and afterward asked many questions as to the nature and profits of my business. I concealed nothing from him in favour or against myself as a business-man.

"'You must be sustained, Mr. Miller,' said he. 'I have a few thousand dollars uninvested, that I will keep free for six months or so. As far as you need assistance in meeting your payments, I will afford it. Pay no more exorbitant interests; waste no more time in running about after money; but put all your thoughts and energies down to your business, and twelve months from to-day will see you freed from embarrassment.'

"And he was right."

"He was certainly a noble fellow," said Mr. Jones. "Pity there were not more like him!"

"That it is," remarked Mrs. Mayberry.

"He belongs to another grade of beings than your Montos."

"Who?" Miller spoke quickly.

"We were talking of Monto when I called you," said Mr. Berry. "Our friends have a very poor opinion of him."

"Of Mr. Monto? Why, it is of him that I just now spoke."

"Of Monto!" ejaculated Lee.

"Certainly. He it was who so generously befriended me."

"Impossible!" ejaculated Mrs. Mayberry.

"Not at all, for it is true. I never was more mistaken in any one in my life than in Mr. Monto. He has his faults and defects of character, as all men have. He is irascible and impatient, and makes in consequence a great many enemies."

"He was certainly kind to you, Mr. Miller," said Mrs. Mayberry. "But still, I don't believe in him. Look at the way he treated that poor young man whom he raised from a boy. That stamps his character. That shows him to be cruel and vindictive."

"There is another side to that story, without doubt," remarked Mr. Berry.

"That there is," said Miller; "and suppose we look at it. Monto knew that young man much better than you or I, or any of us. He had borne with his irregular habits and evil conduct for years, as well as a man of his peculiar temperament could bear with them."

"A precious kind of forbearance it was, no doubt. It isn't in him to bear with any one," broke in Mr. Jones.

"Will you censure a man for what he can't help?" asked Mr. Miller.

"I don't know that we should," was replied.

"It is clear that we ought not; for to do so would be for us to ask of him an impossibility, and censure him for not performing it. Mr. Monto is a man, as we all know, of exceedingly impatient temper. Keep that in view. He takes this boy when quite young, and educates him as well as teaches him his business. Before he is of

age he abuses the confidence reposed in him by his benefactor, neglects his business, associates with vicious companions, and purloins his money. Still Monto bears with him, in the hope that he will change. But he grows worse and worse; and at length, after a long series of peculations at home, gets into a difficulty, and is sent to jail to await the judgment of the law in his case. I happened to be in Mr. Monto's store when he was sent for to bail the young man out.

"'No,' he said firmly to the messenger, 'he is much better in prison than out.'

"The man went away, and Monto, turning to me, said—

"'That, Mr. Miller, is the most painful thing I have done in my whole life. But to have acted otherwise would have been wrong. Kind admonition, stern reproof, angry expostulation, all have failed with this young man, in whom I cannot help feeling a strong interest. I will now leave him to the consequences of his own acts, and to

the, I hope, salutary results of his own reflections. If these fail to reform him, there is no hope.' This was the spirit in which it was done. He did not attend court when the trial came on, but he had a messenger there, who kept him constantly advised of the proceedings. The acquittal gave him great pleasure, and he expected the young man would return to him, changed and penitent. He was, alas! grievously mistaken. The enlistment hurt him exceedingly. I could perceive that his voice was unsteady when he spoke of it. If he erred in his conduct, it was an error of judgment. He meant to do good. But I do not believe he erred. In my opinion, the young man is fit only for the grade he now occupies, and he is better off where he is."

"There is good in every one," said Mr. Berry, when Miller ceased speaking; "and we will find it, if we look at the other side."

"No truer word than that was ever spoken," returned Mr. Miller. "Yes, there

is good in every one; and more good than evil in Monto, you may all be assured."

The censurers of Monto approved the words by a marked and half-mortified silence.

Yes, there is good in every one; there is another side. Let us look for this good rather than for what is evil, and we will think better of mankind than we are now disposed to do."

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THIN SHOES.

Page 116.

THIN SHOES.

"WHY, Lizzy, dear!" exclaimed Uncle Thomas, to his pretty niece, Miss Walton, as she stepped upon the pavement from her mother's dwelling, one morning in midwinter—"You are not going in this trim?"

"In what trim?" said Lizzy, glancing first at her gloves, then upon her dress, and then placing her hand upon her neck and bosom to feel if all was right there. "Is any thing wrong with my dress, uncle?"

"Just look at your feet."

"At my feet!" And Lizzy's eyes fell to the ground. "I don't see any thing the matter with them."

"Why, child, you have nothing on your feet but paper-soled French lasting boots."

"They have thick soles, uncle."

"Thick! If you call them thick, you will have to find a new term for thinness. Go right back, and put on your leather boots."

"Leather boots!" Lizzy's voice and countenance showed an undisguised amazement.

"Yes, leather boots. You certainly wouldn't think of going out on a day like this without having your feet well protected with leather boots."

"Leather boots! Why, Uncle Thomas!" —and the musical laugh of Miss Walton echoed on the air—"who ever heard of such a thing?"

Uncle Thomas glanced involuntarily down at his own thick, double-soled, calf-skin understandings.

"Boots like them!" exclaimed the merry girl, laughing again.

"But come along, my good uncle," she

added more seriously, drawing her arm within his, and attempting to move away. "We'll have all the neighbourhood staring at us. You can't be in earnest, I'm sure, about my wearing clumsy leather boots. Nancy, the Irish cook, has a pair; but I"—

"And pray, Lizzy," returned the old gentleman, as he yielded to the impulse given him by his niece, and moved down the street beside her—"are you so much heartier than Nancy, so much stouter and stronger, that you can bear exposure to damp and even wet pavements, in thin shoes, while she will not venture out unless with feet well protected by leather boots?"

"My shoes are not thin, uncle," persisted Lizzy. "They have thick soles."

"Not thin! Thick soles! Look at mine."

Lizzy laughed aloud, as she glanced down at her uncle's heavy boots, at the thought of having her delicate feet encased in leather.

"Look at mine!" repeated Uncle Thomas. "And am I so much more delicate than you are?"

But Miss Walton replied to all this serious remonstrance of her uncle (who was on a visit from a neighbouring town) with laughing evasion.

A week of very severe weather had filled the gutters and blocked the crossings with ice. To this had succeeded rain, but not of long enough continuance to free the streets from their icy encumbrance. A clear, warm day for the season followed; and it was on this day that Miss Walton and her uncle went out for the purpose of calling on a friend or two, and then visiting the Art-Union Gallery.

Uncle Thomas Walton was the brother of Lizzy's father. The latter died some few years before, of pulmonary consumption. Lizzy, both in appearance and bodily constitution, resembled her father. She was now in her nineteenth year, her veins full of young life, and her spirits as buoyant as

the opening spring. It was just four years since the last visit of Uncle Thomas to the city—four years since he had looked upon the fair face of his beautiful niece. Greatly had she changed in that time. When last he kissed her blushing cheek, she was a half-grown school-girl—now she burst upon him a lovely and accomplished young woman.

But Uncle Thomas did not fail to observe in his niece certain signs, that he understood too well as indications of a frail and susceptible constitution. Two lovely sisters, who had grown up by his side, their charms expanding like summer's sweetest flowers, had, all at once, drooped, faded, withered, and died. Long years had they been at rest; but their memory was still green in his heart. When he looked upon the pure face of his niece, it seemed to Uncle Thomas as if a long-lost sister were restored to him in the freshness and beauty of her young and happy life ere the breath of the destroyer was upon her. No wonder

that he felt concern when he thought of the past. No wonder that he made remonstrance against her exposure, in thin shoes, to cold and damp pavements. But Lizzy had no fear. She understood not how fatal a predisposition lurked in her bosom.

The calls were made; the Art-Union Gallery visited, and then Uncle Thomas and his niece returned home. But the enjoyment of the former had only been partial; for he could think of little else, and see little else, besides Lizzy's thin shoes and the damp pavements.

The difficulty of crossing the streets, without stepping into the water, was very great; and, in spite of every precaution, Lizzy's feet dipped several times into little pools of ice-water, that instantly penetrated the light materials of which her shoes were made. In consequence, she had a slight hoarseness by the time she reached home, and Uncle Thomas noticed that the colour on her cheeks was very much heightened.

"Now go and change your shoes and

stockings, immediately," said he, as soon as they entered the house. "Your feet must be thoroughly saturated."

"Oh no, indeed they are not," replied Lizzy. "At the most, they are only a little damp."

"A little damp!" said the old gentleman, seriously. "The grass waves over many a fair young girl, who, but for damp feet, would now be a source of joy to her friends."

"Why, uncle, how strangely you talk! exclaimed Lizzy, becoming a little serious in turn. Just then Mrs. Walton came in.

"Do, sister," said the old gentleman, "see that this thoughtless girl of yours changes her wet stockings and shoes immediately. She smiles at my concern."

"Why, Lizzy dear," interposed Mrs. Walton, "how can you be so imprudent! Go and put on dry stockings at once."

Lizzy obeyed, and as she left the room, her uncle said—

"How can you permit that girl to go

upon the street, in midwinter, with shoes almost as thin as paper."

"Her shoes have thick soles," replied Mrs. Walton. "You certainly don't think that I would let her wear thin shoes on a day like this."

Uncle Thomas was confounded. Thick shoes! French lasting, and soles of the thickness of half-a-dollar!

"She ought to have leather boots, sister," said the old gentleman earnestly. "Stout leather boots. Nothing less can be called a protection for the feet in damp, wintry weather."

"Leather boots!"

Mrs. Walton seemed little less surprised than her daughter had been at the same suggestion.

"It is a damp, cold day," said Uncle Thomas.

"True, but Lizzy was warmly clad. I am very particular on this point, knowing the delicacy of her constitution. She never goes out in winter-time without her furs."

"Furs for the neck and hands, and lasting shoes and thin cotton stockings for the feet!"

"Thick-soled boots," said Mrs. Walton, quickly.

"There are thick-soled boots."

And the old gentleman thrust out both of his feet, well clad in heavy calfskin.

Mrs. Walton could not keep from laughing, as the image of her daughter's feet, thus encased, presented itself to her mind.

"Perhaps," said Uncle Thomas, just a little captiously, "Lizzy has a stronger constitution than I have, and can bear a great deal more. For my part, I would almost as lief take a small dose of poison as go out, on a day like this, with nothing on my feet but thin cotton stockings and lasting shoes."

"Boots," interposed Mrs. Walton.

"I call them boots," said the old gentleman, glancing down again at his stout double-soled calfskins.

But it was of no avail that Uncle Thomas

entered his protest against thin shoes, when, in the estimation of city ladies, they were "thick." And so, in due time, he saw his error and gave up the argument.

When Lizzy came down from her room, her colour was still high—much higher than usual, and her voice, as she spoke, was a very little veiled. But she was in fine spirits, and talked away merrily. Uncle Thomas did not, however, fail to observe that every little while she cleared her throat with a low *h-h-em;* and he knew that this was occasioned by an increased secretion of mucus by the lining membrane of the throat, consequent upon slight inflammation. The cause he attributed to thin shoes and wet feet; and he was not far wrong. The warm boa and muff were not sufficient safeguards for the throat when the feet were exposed to cold and wet.

That evening, at tea-time, Mr. Walton observed that Lizzy eat scarcely any thing, and that her face was a little pale. He also noted an expression that indicated

either mental or bodily suffering—not severe, but enough to make itself visible.

"Are you not well?" he asked.

"Oh yes, very well," was the quick reply.

"You are fatigued, then?"

"A little."

"Go early to bed. A night's sleep will restore all."

Mr. Walton said this, rather because he hoped than believed that it would be so.

"Oh yes. A night's rest is all I want," replied Lizzy.

But she erred in this.

"Where is Lizzy?" asked Mr. Walton, on meeting his sister-in-law at the breakfast-table on the next morning. The face of the latter wore a sober expression.

"Not very well, I am sorry to say," was the answer.

"What ails her?"

"She has taken a bad cold; I hardly know how—perhaps from getting her feet wet yesterday; and is so hoarse this morn

ing that she can scarcely speak above a whisper."

"I feared as much," was the old gentleman's reply. "Have you sent for your doctor?"

"Not yet."

"Then do so immediately. A constitution like her's will not bear the shock of a bad cold, unless it is met instantly by appropriate remedies."

In due time the family physician came. He looked serious when he saw the condition of his patient.

"To what are you indebted for this?" he asked.

"To thin shoes," was the prompt reply of the uncle, who was present.

"I have warned you against this more than once," said the doctor, in a tone of gentle reproof.

"Oh, no; brother is mistaken," spoke up Mrs. Walton. "She wore thick-soled shoes. But the streets, as you know, were very

wet yesterday, and it was impossible to keep the feet dry."

"If she had worn good, stout, sensible leather boots, as she ought to have done, the water would never have touched her feet," said Mr. Walton.

"You had on your gums?" remarked the physician, turning to Lizzy.

"They are so clumsy and unsightly—I never like to wear them," answered the patient, in a husky whisper, and then she coughed hoarsely.

The doctor made no reply to this, but looked more serious.

Medicine was prescribed and taken; and, for two weeks, the physician was in daily attendance. The inflammation first attacked Lizzy's throat—descended and lingered along the bronchial tubes, and finally fixed itself upon her lungs. From this dangerous place it was not dislodged, as an acute disease, until certain constitutional predispositions had been aroused into activity. In fact, the latent seeds of that fatal dis-

ease, known as consumption, were at this time vivified. Dormant they might have lain for years—perhaps through life—if all exciting causes had been shunned. Alas! the principle of vitality was now awakened.

Slowly, very slowly, did strength return to the body of Miss Walton. Not until the spring opened was she permitted to go forth into the open air. Then her pale cheek, and slow, feeble steps, showed too plainly the fearful shock her system had received.

A week or two after his remonstrance with his niece about her thin shoes, Mr. Walton returned home. Several letters received by him during the winter advised him of the state of Lizzy's health. In the spring her mother wrote to him—

"Lizzy is much better. The warm weather, I trust, will completely restore her."

But the old gentleman knew better. He had been a deeply interested party in a case like her's before. He *knew* that summer, with its warm and fragrant airs,

would not bring back the bloom to her cheeks. In July came another epistle.

"The hot weather is so debilitating for Lizzy, that I am about taking her to the sea-shore."

Uncle Thomas sighed as he read this, permitted the letter to droop from before his eyes, and sat for some time gazing upon vacancy. Far back his thoughts had wandered, and before the eyes of his mind was the frail, fading form of a beloved sister, who had, years before, left her place and her mission upon the earth, and passed up higher.

"The doctor says that I must go South with Lizzy," wrote Mrs. Walton early in December, "and spend the winter. We leave for Charleston next Tuesday, and may pass over to Havana."

Uncle Thomas sighed as before, and then became lost in a sad reverie. He had been to Havana with both of his sisters. The warm South had been of use to them. It prolonged, but did not save their lives.

And so the months passed on—the seasons came and went—but health, alas! returned not to the veins of the lovely girl.

It was an autumn day, nearly two years after that fatal cold, taken in consequence of wearing thin shoes, that Mr. Walton received a letter sealed with a black seal.

"As I feared," he murmured, in a low, sad voice, gazing half-abstractedly upon the missive. He knew too well its contents. "Dear child! I saw this from the beginning."

And the old man's eyes became dim with moisture.

He had not erred in his conjecture. Lizzy Walton was dead.

THE UNRULY MEMBER.

"IN TROUBLE again, I find! Ah, Flora! That restless little tongue of yours is a sad transgressor. Why will you not learn to be more careful? Why do you not place a guard upon your lips, as well as upon your actions?"

"So I do, aunt, when I think myself in the company of tattlers and mischief-makers."

"I do not think Mary Lee either a tattler or a mischief-maker," replied the aunt gravely.

"Then why did she run off to Ellen Gray, and tell her what I had said?"

"She might have done so from far dif-

ferent motives than those you are inclined to attribute to her," said Mrs. Marion, the aunt of Flora Mere. "And from my knowledge of her character, I feel very sure that her conduct in this has been governed by a strict regard to right principles."

"But what possible end could she have had in view in repeating to Ellen my thoughtlessly spoken words? It could do her no good."

"There she is at the door now," Mrs. Marion replied, glancing out of the window. We will ask the question direct, as soon as Betty has admitted her."

The blood mounted to Flora's cheeks as her aunt said this, and her own eyes caught a glimpse of the young lady whose conduct she had been so strongly condemning. The aunt and her niece sat silent until Mary Lee entered.

Here we will take the opportunity to mention the cause of the unpleasant state of affairs between Flora and her young friend. On the day before, while in com-

pany with Mary Lee, and one or two other of her acquintances, she very thoughtlessly and not exactly in the right spirit, repeated some remarks she had heard about Ellen Gray that reflected upon her rather unfavourably. Mary Lee at once attempted to vindicate her friend, but Flora maintained that the allegations were certainly true, for she had them from an undoubted source. Mary asked that source, but she declined mentioning it, on the ground that she did not wish to violate the confidence reposed in her by the individual who related the facts she had repeated.

"It would, perhaps, be better not to mention any thing of this kind," said Mary Lee, "unless the author be given, and full liberty, at the same time, to make the most free inquiries as to the truth of what is alleged."

"And get up to your ears in hot water," returned Flora, tossing her head.

"Even that would be better than to let any one suffer from an untrue statement."

"Ah! But suppose it should be true?"

"Let the guilt rest upon the right head—where it ought to rest. But save the innocent from unjust allegations. That is my doctrine."

"A very good doctrine, no doubt," Flora returned; "if you can act it out."

Here the subject was dropped. On the next morning, Mary Lee called in to see her young friend Ellen Gray. After conversing for a short time she said—

"I heard, yesterday, Ellen, that at Mrs. Harvey's party, you acted towards Mr. Evelyn with much discourtesy of manner, besides actually telling an untruth."

"I am unconscious of having done either the one or the other of these," Ellen replied, in a quiet tone.

"I believed you innocent," said Mary, with a brightening countenance. "But what ground is there for the idle, ill-natured gossip that has got on the wind?"

"Not much, if any. I declined dancing with Evelyn, as I had a perfect right to do."

"Did you tell him you were engaged for the next cotillion?"

"No, certainly not, for I had no engagement then."

"It is said that when he asked you to dance, you excused yourself on the plea that you were already engaged."

"Who says this?"

"Flora Mere."

"How does she know?"

"That I cannot tell. She declined giving her authority."

"Then, of course, I must believe her the author of the fabrication."

"No—that does not certainly follow. I do not believe Flora would be guilty of such a thing. But, like too many, she is ready to believe another capable of doing almost any thing that may happen to be alleged. And like the same class of persons, too ready to repeat what she has heard, no matter how injuriously it may affect the subject of the allegation—while a false principle of honour prevents the open de-

claration of the source from which the information has been derived."

"Be that as it may, I shall see Flora Mere at once, and ask her for the authority upon which the statement rests."

"It was to give you an opportunity of doing this, that I have come and freely told what I heard."

"Thank you, Mary. I wish all the world were as frank and as conscientious as you are. I shall, of course, mention from whom I derived my information."

"You are at perfect liberty to do so. I try never to say or do any thing that requires concealment."

It was, perhaps, an hour afterward, that Flora Mere was surprised by a visit from Ellen Gray. She had an instinctive consciousness of the cause of this visit, which made the blood mount to her face, as she took the hand of her friend. She was not long in doubt.

"Flora," said Ellen, a few minutes after she had entered. "Mary Lee came in to

see me this morning, and mentioned that you had made statements about me which are not true—as that I refused to dance with Mr. Evelyn under the plea of a prior engagement, when, in fact, no such engagement existed."

"I think Mary Lee had very little to do!" Flora returned petulantly, the colour deepening on her face and brow, "to tattle about what she hears in company."

"But reflect," said Ellen, mildly, "that the charge against me was one of falsehood—no light charge—and that Mary had every reason to believe me incapable of uttering what was not true. And further, remember, that you declined giving your informant, so as to place it in her power to ascertain upon what basis the statement rested. Reverse the case. Suppose I had heard that you had done some wrong act; and, instead of carefully satisfying myself whether it were really so or not, were to begin circulating the story wherever I went. Would you not deem her a true friend,

who, instead of joining in the general condemnation, were to come to you and put into your power to vindicate your character? Certainly you would. Just in the relation which that true friend would, under the imagined circumstances, stand to you, now stands Mary Lee to me. She has put into my power to arrest a report which I find is circulating to my injury. It is true that I declined dancing with Mr. Evelyn. But it is not true that I stated to him that I was engaged. I was not engaged, and to have said that I was, would have been to have told a deliberate falsehood. May I, then, ask you from what source you derived your information?"

Flora cast her eyes upon the floor, and sat silent for some time. Her pride struggled hard with her sense of justice. At length she said, looking up, and breathing heavily—

"I would rather not mention my informant, Ellen. It will only make difficulty. You will go to her, and then there will be

trouble. I think you had better let the matter rest where it is. I do not, now, believe what I heard. The person who told me, was, no doubt, mistaken."

"But, Flora, that would not be right. You have already repeated what you heard so publicly, that it is possible at least fifty persons now believe me guilty of having spoken an untruth. You should have reflected beforehand. Now it is too late to let the matter drop. My character is at stake, and I am bound to vindicate it. This I shall have to do in such a manner as to fully clear myself from the charge. The consequence will be, as you may at once perceive, that upon you will rest the burden of having originated a false charge against me. Then, if not now, you will feel it your duty to give the name of your friend. This, you had much better do at once. No doubt she has been led into a mistake by a too hasty judgment of my acts, but half understood. She may have observed Mr. Evelyn ask me to dance,

and have naturally inferred that I declined on the ground of a previous engagement. This being in her mind, she may have too hastily concluded, when she soon afterwards saw me accept another offer, that I had not spoken the truth at the time I refused to dance with Evelyn. All this can easily be explained, and the matter put to rest."

Flora hesitated for a short time, and then said—

"It was Araminta Thomas who told me."

"Thank you for this information. Will you now go with me to see Araminta?"

"I would rather not," Flora returned.

"I think it would be better for you to do so, Flora," urged Ellen. But she could not be persuaded.

"I must then go alone," said Ellen, rising and bidding Flora good morning.

In a little while she was at the house of Araminta Thomas. Ellen entered at once upon the business of her visit, by stating what she had heard. Araminta looked confused, but denied saying that Ellen had ac-

tually told Evelyn she was engaged for the next cotillion.

"Then what did you say?" mildly asked Ellen.

"I said," replied Araminta, "that I saw you decline Evelyn's offer for your hand."

"But did not say that I told him I was engaged?"

"*Not positively;* I only *inferred*, as was natural, that you declined on that ground."

"Was your communication to Flora mere inferential?"

"It was."

"But she says you told her that you heard me say I was engaged."

"In that she is mistaken. I inferred that your refusal to dance was for the reason stated But I did not *know* that it was, and therefore only gave my own impression."

"Which Flora has taken for the truth, and so repeated."

"On my authority?"

"Yes. After having been pressed by me very closely."

"In that she was wrong. But I suppose I was as wrong in giving an impression which might not be a true one, as she has been in giving my impressions as actual facts, and making me responsible for them. But will you, as matters have taken this serious and unexpected turn, give me the exact truth. I will then, so far as in my power lies, endeavour to correct what I have done."

"Most cheerfully. You know as well as I do, that Evelyn has not acted in some things with that honour and integrity that becomes a gentleman?"

"I do."

"It was on this ground that I declined. He asked me if I was engaged in the next set? I said no. He then proffered his hand, which I declined. In a little while after, and while sitting beside you, a gentleman wished to have me as a partner. I

accepted his invitation. This is the simple truth."

"And so it seems," said Araminta with a sober face, "that while you were rebuking vice, and standing up with dignified, virtuous firmness in the cause of our sex, I was misjudging you. And not only that, was so far influenced by an improper spirit as to impart to others my wrong impressions to your injury. Alas! poor, weak human nature! I feel rebuked and humbled. More for what I thought than for what I said, for out of the heart proceedeth evil thoughts. If I had not had something wrong here, I would not have been so ready to misjudge you. But all that I can do to repair the wrong, I am ready to do."

"All I ask is, that you correct Flora, and take some little care, that, where she has imparted a wrong impression, the true one is given in its place."

"That I will do with all my heart," Araminta replied. "I will see Flora this very hour."

"Do so, and you shall have not only my thanks, but my esteem and love. We are all liable to do wrong. But to confess and repair the wrong we have done, as far as we can, is noble. In so doing, power is given us to conquer in all the temptations that may assail us."

As soon as Ellen had retired, Araminta went out and called upon Flora. She found her troubled and mortified at the turn matters had taken. She tried to excuse herself for what she had done, and insisted, at first, that Araminta had actually stated all she had said of Ellen Gray's conduct. But this point she soon had to give up. Araminta was too positive, and her own memory a little too clear on the subject. In fact, when the whole truth came fully to the light, it was very apparent, that if there were any falsehood in the matter, she was the most guilty. Certain it was, that Ellen Gray was innocent, in every particular, of the charge that had been made against her

Mrs. Marion knew nothing of all this, until the day after Ellen Gray had called upon Flora. Then her niece, whose troubled looks had not escaped her notice, gave a relation of what had occurred. It was in reply to this that the opening remarks of our story were made. When Mary Lee came in, as the reader has seen, Flora received her coldly. Mrs. Marion, on the contrary, welcomed her with genuine cordiality.

"I am glad to see you, Mary," she said —"and particularly at this time. It seems there has been a misunderstanding among you young ladies, and that Flora is not altogether pleased with the part you have taken."

"It is to see her in regard to that very matter that I am here this morning," Mary said. "I know she blames me for having told Ellen Lee what I did. But in that I acted conscientiously. I did to another as I would have another do to me. I acted towards Ellen as I would act towards

Flora, were I to hear any one making statements that were calculated to injure her. The result, I think, should satisfy Flora that I was right in doing what I have done. Ellen, it now appears, was entirely innocent of the charge made against her—as I knew she must be. Araminta Thomas, to whom the report has been traced, regrets extremely, that upon her hasty inferences, so serious a matter has grown up. She acknowledged that she only *inferred* that Ellen told an untruth. Flora took this inference for a direct assertion, and thence came the charge of falsehood against Ellen Gray. Has not, then, the result proved that the course I took was the only right one? Does it not show that I would have been guilty of a great wrong, if, to save the feelings of any one, I had left an innocent person to bear the imputation of wrong?"

"It certainly does, Mary. And Flora cannot but see it in the same light."

"And she will, surely, forgive me the pain I have occasioned her," resumed Mary,

"seeing that I had no selfish end to gain in what I did, but was moved only by the desire to vindicate injured innocence."

This appeal softened Flora's feelings toward Mary Lee. She saw that she was wrong, and that Mary was right. Mary had been governed by a high-minded regard for right. Pride soon yielded.

"Mary," said she, taking her hand, while the tears came into her eyes, "I confess that I have been wrong, and you right. I shall not soon forget this lesson. Forgive the unkind thought I have had of you, and say to Ellen, from me, that I do most sincerely regret the part I have taken in this matter."

"Will I ever learn to be guarded in my remarks!" Flora said, to her aunt, after Mary had left them. "This is the third time I have been called to account for speaking of others, within the last few months."

"Never, I suppose," Mrs. Marion replied, "until you learn to guard your

thoughts as well as your words. If, like Mary Lee, you were less disposed to give credence to every disparaging report circulated about others, you would need no guard placed over your tongue. It is from the abundance of the heart that the mouth speaketh. *A good man, out of the good treasure of his heart, bringeth forth good things: and an evil man, out of the evil treasure, bringeth forth evil things.* Try and keep this in mind. If you are more ready to believe an evil than a good report of others, be sure that all is not right with you, and more especially, if you feel an inward pleasure in convicting them of wrong. A truly good mind is always grieved at improper conduct in others, and ever seeks to palliate, rather than to judge with severity. It gives but slow credence to evil reports. Truly regard the good of all around you, and there will be no need of placing a bridle on your tongue."

THE RICH AND THE POOR.

A HOT and sultry summer had passed away, and autumn was verging on toward its cooler months, with their long and quiet evenings. Occasionally a colder day than usual made a fire in the grate necessary and drew closer together the happy family of Mr. Barton in their evening circle. It was pleasant to all, thus to feel the warm fire again, and to see its deep glow reflected from loving faces.

"How good the fire feels!" said James, holding up his small hands to receive its heat, and smiling as he looked upon it.

"I think I love the winter best after all," remarked William. "It is so pleasant

to sit round the fire, and feel its warmth upon our hands and face. Home feels more like home. Don't you think so, father?"

"The change of season is always pleasant," replied Mr. Barton. "Have you never noticed that, my son?"

"Oh yes! I always say, when spring comes, 'I am glad that it is spring.' And in summer-time, when fruit and flowers are so plenty, I say, 'I am glad it is summer.' And then I am glad again when the doors and windows can be closed, and we can all gather around the fire as we do now in autumn. In winter, when the snow begins to fall, I feel that it is pleasant to see the light flakes flying about gayly in the air."

"But I always think then," said Mary, the gentle, loving-hearted Mary, "of the poor children who have no warm clothing, nor good fires, as we have. I wish, sometimes, that it were always warm, for their sakes."

"And yet, my dear, the Lord knows what is best," remarked Mr. Barton, looking into Mary's sympathizing face. "The Bible says He is good to all, and kind even to the unthankful."

"I know it does; and it also says, that He pitieth us even as a father pitieth his children. But, I can't help thinking, sometimes, that there is a great deal of suffering in the world."

"And so there is, Mary, a great deal of dreadful suffering, the reason for which we sometimes find it very hard to understand. But one thing we know, and this is, that it is all from man, and not from God; and that God permits it for some good purpose —not to punish people; for the Lord never punishes any one merely for the sake of punishment, but suffers evil and sin to punish for the sake of reformation. You remember what I read to you about the Divine Providence on last Sunday evening?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did I say the Divine Providence regarded?"

"Eternal ends," replied Mary.

"Do you remember what I then told you was meant by eternal ends?"

"Whatsoever had reference to man's salvation in heaven."

"Yes, that is what I said. A great many people believe that the Lord's Providence, which is over us all, even to the smallest things, has reference to our worldly well-doing. I remember when a boy, hearing a man pray, regularly, in his family, every day, and a part of his prayer always was, that the Lord would increase his basket and his store."

"What did he mean by that?" asked James, who was listening very attentively to his father, and trying to understand all he said.

"Why, that the Lord would make him rich."

"Did the Lord make him rich?" asked Mary.

"No, my daughter, the Lord knew that to make him rich would be the worst thing for him, for it might be the means of destroying his soul."

"Then it is best for some to be rich and some poor?" said William.

"Undoubtedly it is, or all would be rich in this world's goods, and have every comfort and luxury that earth could afford them. For the goodness of the Lord would seek to bless every one in good things for the body as well as good things for the mind, if the former blessings could be given without injury to the latter. But where they cannot, they are always withheld."

"But all rich people are not good people," remarked William. "I think they are, generally, more unfeeling and selfish than poor people. I have often heard it said so; and that there was very little chance of rich people's going to heaven."

"I know this is said, but it is a great mistake. Poor people are, as a general thing, just as unfeeling and selfish as rich

people, and stand no better chance of heaven. So far as poverty or riches are concerned, there is an overruling Providence regarding each, and this, as I before remarked, looks to the salvation of souls in heaven."

"Then it isn't because one man is better than another, that he is permitted to get rich, or has money left to him?"

"Not by any means, William," replied the father. "No man's state can be judged of by his external condition: for the external condition that is good for one, may be very bad for another. Ever bear this in mind, as you pass through life, and learn, no matter in what external condition the Lord places you, therewith to be content."

THE END.